# PENTHOUSE comiX

THE INTERNATIONAL ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR MEN

SUYDAM
HUGHES
NOWLAN
LEACH
MORROW
RASKIN

No. 3 SEPT./OCT.'94
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PENTHOUSE
ComiX

"THE WORLD'S MOST POLITICALLY INCORRECT COMICS MAGAZINE!"

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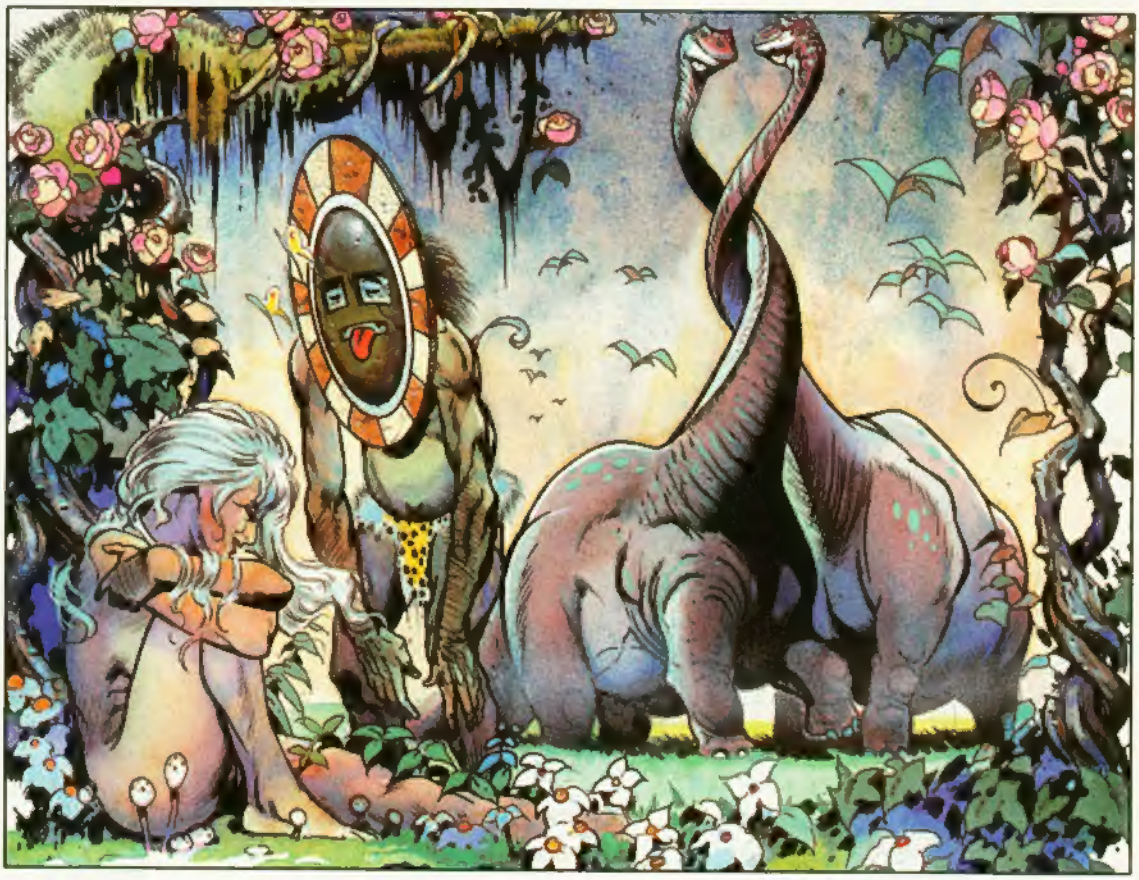
EXECUTIVE EDITOR: MARK McCLELLAN
STORY EDITOR: TOM THORNTON
ART DIRECTOR: WAYNE R. HAWKES
DESIGNER: DAVE CURCURITO
ART EDITOR: RAY WEISFELD
COLOR COORDINATOR: ARTHUR SUYDAM
ASSISTANT EDITOR: GARY ESPOSITO
ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR: JOSÉ TRUJILLO



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PENTHOUSE Comix

Sept./Oct. 1994

# SPECIAL DAMSELS IN DANGER™ ISSUE!

## COVER ART BY RAY LAGO

*The Perils of Joanna Dare*, presented in an homage to the great pulp-magazine covers of the forties and fifties.

*Penthouse Comix* (ISSN 0090-2020) Vol 1, No. 3, Sept./Oct. 1994 issue. *Penthouse Comix* is published six times a year by Penthouse International, Ltd. 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Copyright ©1994 Penthouse International, Ltd. All rights reserved. Distributed in the U.S.A., Canada, U.S. territorial possessions, and the world (except Australia) by Curtis Circulation Company, P.O. Box 9102, Pennsauken, N.J. 08109. Distributed in Australia by the Horwitz Group, P.O. Box 306, Cammeray, N.S.W. 2062 Australia. Distributed in the rest of the world (including the United Kingdom) by Worldwide Media Service, Inc., 30 Montgomery St., Jersey City, N.J. 07302. Please direct all editorial correspondence to *Penthouse Comix*, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Nothing in this magazine may by reproduced in whole or in part without the written permission from the publishers. Any similarity between persons or places mentioned in the fiction or semifiction and real places or persons living or dead is coincidental. Canadian GST registration #R122660790Z. Printed in the U.S.A.

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Art by Arthur Suydam.

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Art by Kevin Nowlan.

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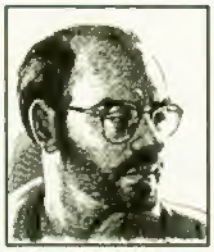
If your heart can actually take any more excitement, find out what's up in our next thrilling issue!

# HOUSE CALL

THORNTON


RUBINSTEIN

RASKIN

ESPOSITO

LAGO

# WHO'S WHO IN *PENTHOUSE COMIX*

**TOM THORNTON**
Only a fool or a madman or the *right* man would dare take on the job of *Penthouse Comix* story editor. Tom is an award-winning screenwriter and best selling author who has written everything from the soap opera "Ryan's Hope" to the current hit book series "Dog Lover's Mysteries" (under the pseudonym Melissa Cleary). Ye Olde Ed-In-Chief and the TomMaster 9000 put in the yeoman hours scripting most of these tales. I consider it the finest compliment that my writing is called "Thornton-esque."

**JOE RUBINSTEIN**
The dean of modern comics inking, Joe has inked virtually every character at every major company in comics.

**KEVIN MAGUIRE**
The best thing about my job is teaming up with artists whose work I've always loved. Kevin first rose to superstardom on the revived *Justice League* at DC Comics. Currently, he's working on *Strikeback!* for Malibu, his first creator-owned book.

**RAY LAGO**
With a tip of the whip to the legendary Irving Klaw, Lago created the cover that's "bound to please." Ray is well-known for his painted trading cards and gorgeous covers for Marvel, DC, and many others.

**JORDAN RASKIN**
One of the hottest young artists in America, Raskin comes to us off of *Predator: Race War* for Dark Horse and *Ripclaw* for Image Comics.

**KEVIN NOWLAN**
Wants the world to know that in no way, shape, or form does he agree with *any* of my opinions about *anything* as expressed in *any* of my "One Man's Opinion" columns at any time, ever.

**DAVID CURCURITO**
Unlike the rest of our motley crew, computer designer/art director David "Monkey Boy" Curcurito always scores big with the ladies. Maybe it's that "I'm-a-Generation-X-slacker-please-take-care-of-me" look, maybe it's his uncanny resemblance to a young Alec Baldwin. Who knows? David is the right-hand dude to *Penthouse* Exec. VP/Graphics Director Frank DeVino.

**GARY ESPOSITO**
Walking into a type-A personality locker-room like *Penthouse Comix* as low man on the editorial totem pole is no easy job. Assistant Editor Gary Esposito carries off the mission with flawless grace and good humor. Gary has a legal book-editorial background and a life long fan interest in comics.

**SPECIAL THANKS SECTION**
My Thanks this month go to the man whose influence on this magazine is even greater than mine— Bob Guccione. Two things stand out in my mind about this company's founder and perpetual inspiration: courage and integrity. Bob had the courage to produce this book at a time when comics were on the decline, when no one had ever done anything like it, when everyone said it would never work. He took a chance on me, and for that I will always be in his debt. But it didn't stop there. When censorship threatened the integrity of this magazine, he told me to run the book without change, exactly as the artists and writers had created it. He's backed up every creative decision and chance I've taken 100 percent, regardless of the money or the risk. He cares about only one thing, that this magazine be the finest erotic comic in history. Some say that *Penthouse* is in a dirty business. I say that when the folks trying to shut us down have the integrity of Bob Guccione, then I'll start listening.
—*GKC*

# young CAPTAIN ADVENTURE

## EPISODE 3: IMPLOSION

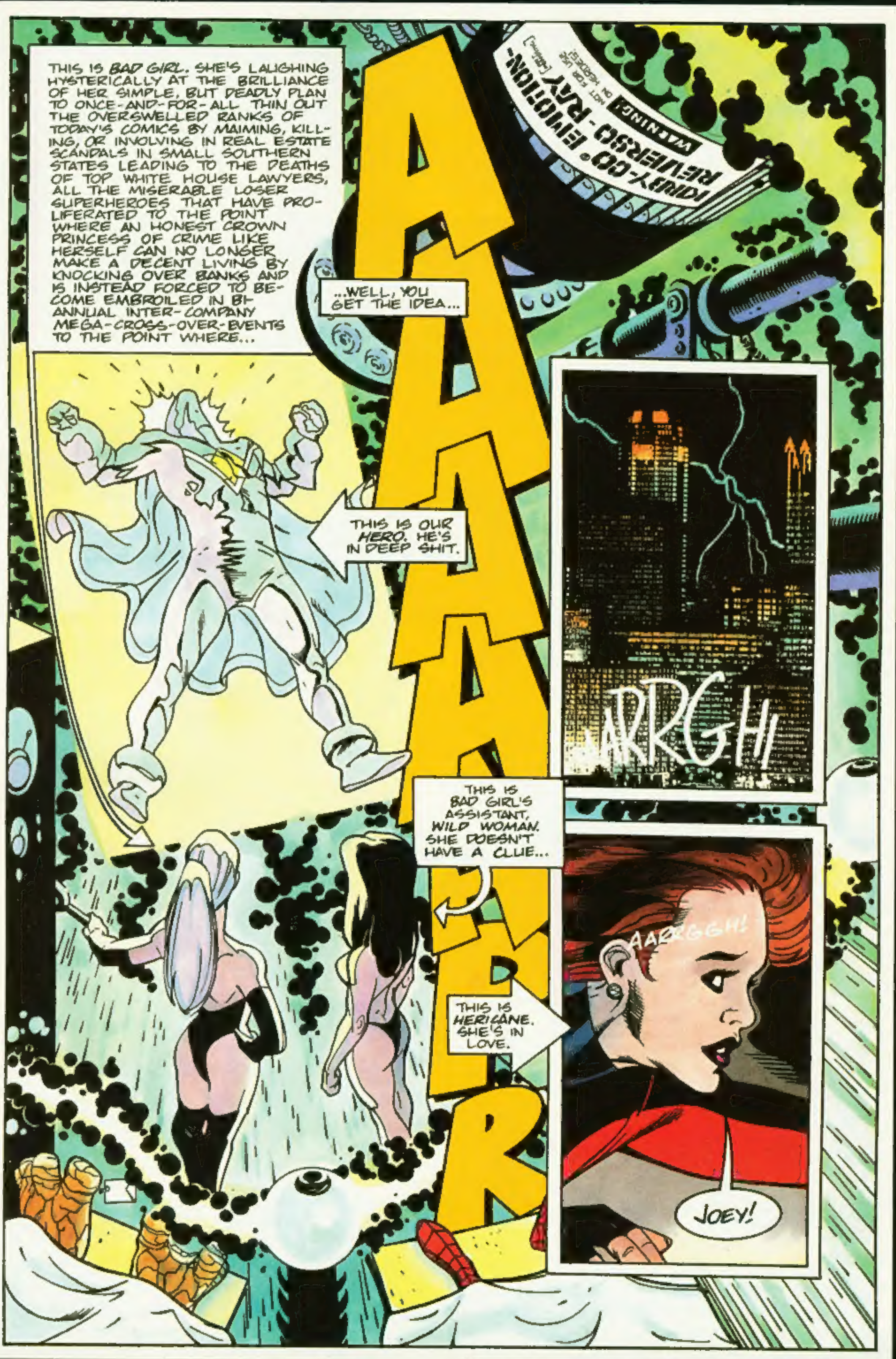
### OUR STORY THUS FAR:

**YOUNG JOEY PIKE** is the third generation of men in his family to wear the **Burning Ring O' Power** and fight injustice as **CAPTAIN ADVENTURE**. Discovering his heritage at the age of 18, Joey traveled from his home in a small Texas town to New York City to join his father's old superhero group, the **TEAM SUPREME**. But Joey soon discovered that the Team Supreme was now a feckless collection of fast-buck artists, cashing in on the legend his father had built.

**ONE** member of the team befriended Joey, the Fightin' Female Fury, **HERICANE**. The two made quite a couple, until they were attacked by the diabolical demon king of villainy, **DARKBLOOD**! 'Cane was forced to endure a night of passion with the Satanic Stallion in order to secure Joey's freedom.

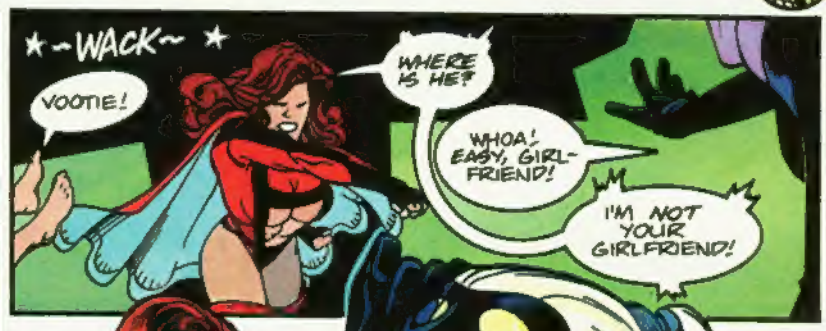
**BUT,** in reality, Darkblood did not have Young Cap imprisoned! The youthful Übermench had, in fact, fallen into the powerful, leather-clad hands of the bodacious **BAD GIRL**, and even now, languishes in her diabolical dungeon of doom!

**WRITERS: Caragonne & Thornton ARTIST: Adam Hughes COLOR: Suydam LETTERS: Delipine**


THIS IS BAD GIRL. SHE'S LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY AT THE BRILLIANCE OF HER SIMPLE, BUT DEADLY PLAN TO ONCE-AND-FOR-ALL THIN OUT THE OVERSWELLED RANKS OF TODAY'S COMICS BY MAIMING, KILLING, OR INVOLVING IN REAL ESTATE SCANDALS IN SMALL SOUTHERN STATES LEADING TO THE DEATHS OF TOP WHITE HOUSE LAWYERS, ALL THE MISERABLE LOSER SUPERHEROES THAT HAVE PROLIFERATED TO THE POINT WHERE AN HONEST CROWN PRINCESS OF CRIME LIKE HERSELF CAN NO LONGER MAKE A DECENT LIVING BY KNOCKING OVER BANKS AND IS INSTEAD FORCED TO BECOME EMBROILED IN BI-ANNUAL INTER-COMPANY MEGA-CROSS-OVER-EVENTS TO THE POINT WHERE...
WARNING! NOT FOR USE ON HEROES!
EMOTION-REVERSO-RAY
...WELL, YOU GET THE IDEA...
AAAAAAAR
THIS IS OUR HERO. HE'S IN DEEP SHIT.
AARRGH!
THIS IS BAD GIRL'S ASSISTANT, WILD WOMAN. SHE DOESN'T HAVE A CLUE...
AARRGGH!
THIS IS HERICANE. SHE'S IN LOVE.
JOEY!

ZOOM!
HANG ON, MY LOVE!

CRASH!
BAD GIRL!
I SHOULD'VE KNOWN!
VOOTIE!


★~WACK~★
VOOTIE!
WHERE IS HE?
WHOA! EASY, GIRL-FRIEND!
I'M NOT YOUR GIRLFRIEND!

WHERE'S CAPTAIN ADVENTURE?!?
WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST ASK! I'LL CALL HIM!
HEY... YOUNG CAPTAIN ADVENTURE!

STUPID CUNT! GET YOUR HANDS OFF MY WOMAN!

VOOTIE!
PERFECT!
WILD WOMAN! PREPARE HER FOR THE MACHINE!
I DONE TOLD YOU, BAD GIRL...

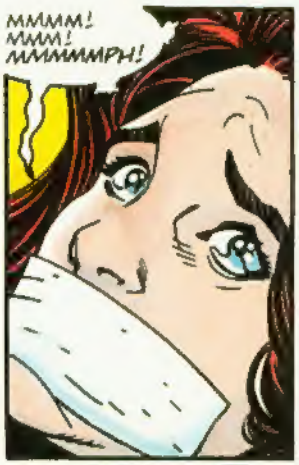
DON'T EVER CALL ME--
young CAPTAIN ADVENTURE

LATER...
WAKEY-WAKEY!
HEH-HEH-HEH-HEH!

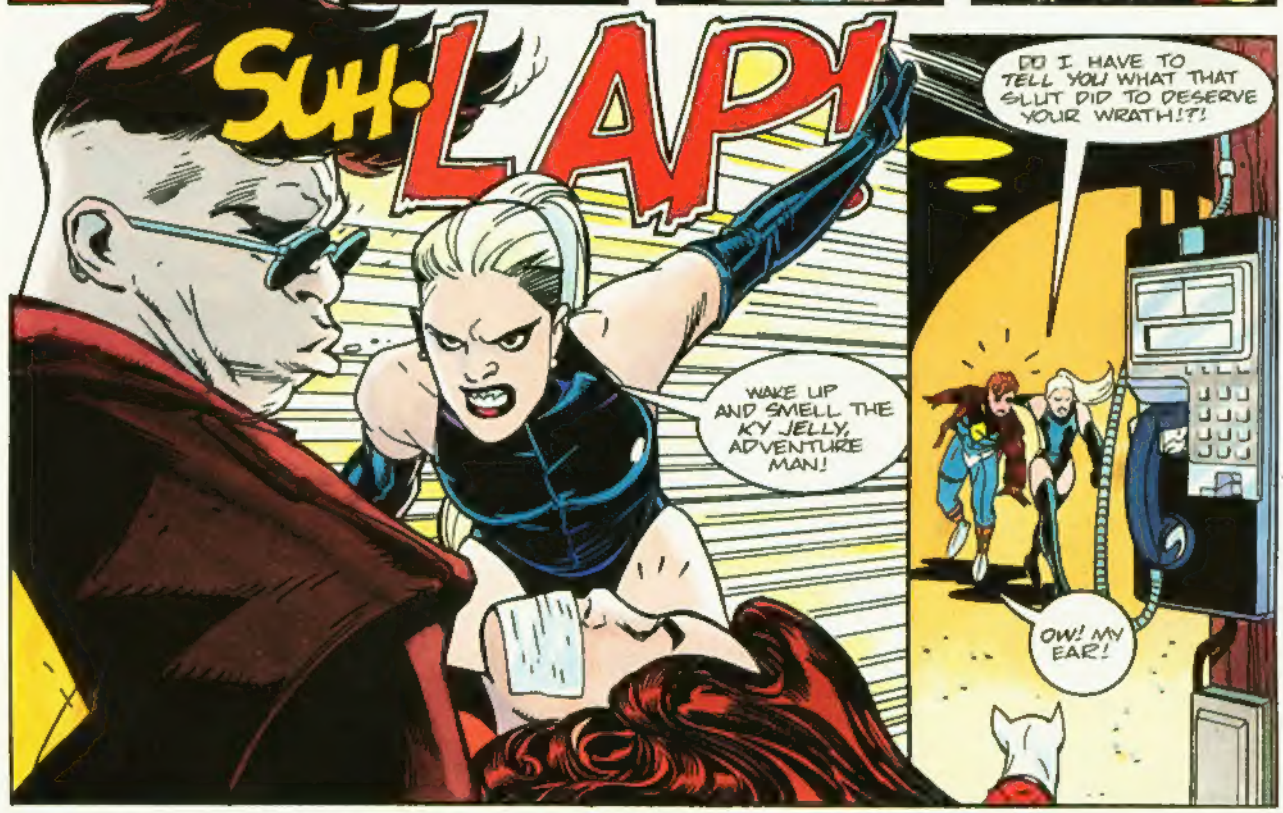
AH... HERICANE... SO NICE OF YOU TO DROP BY. NO DOUBT YOU'VE NOTICED MY EMOTION-REVERSO RAY...
DON'T BOTHER STRUGGLING, MY DEAR, THOSE ADAMHUGHESAMANTIUM COILS CANNOT BE BROKEN!
I FOUND THAT OUT LAST NIGHT! HEH-HEH-HEH-HEH!

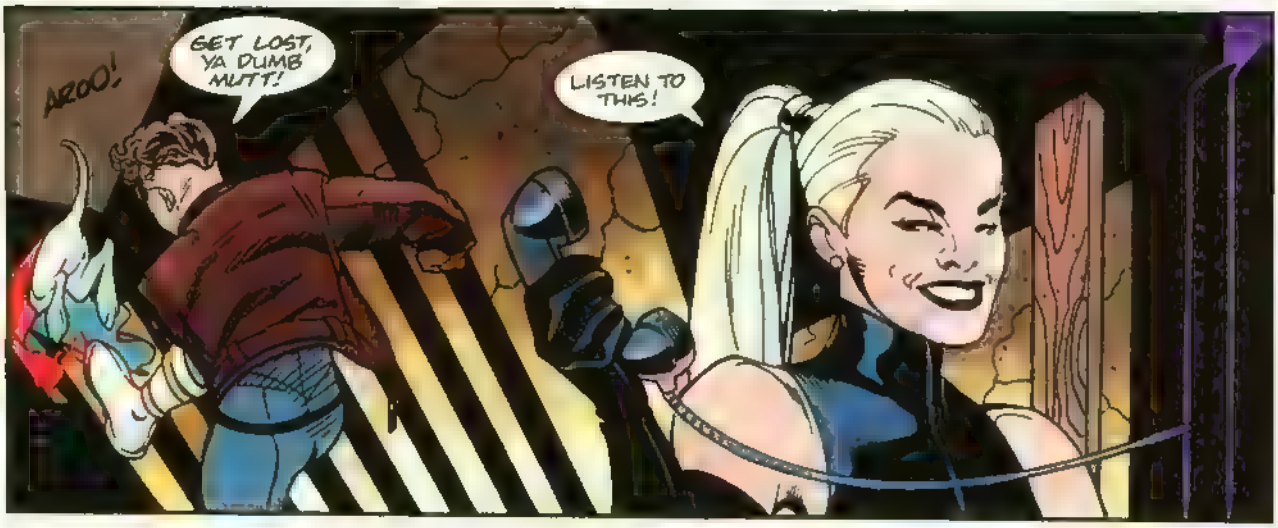
MMMM! MMMPH! MMMPH!

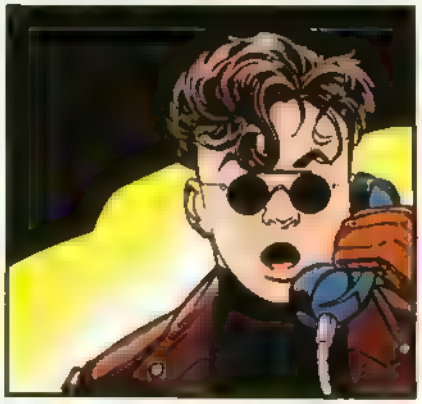
...I...


MMMM! MMM! MMMMMPH!

BAD GIRL... MAYBE WE SHOULDN'T BE...


SUH-LAP!
WAKE UP AND SMELL THE KY JELLY, ADVENTURE MAN!
DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU WHAT THAT SLUT DID TO DESERVE YOUR WRATH!?!
OW! MY EAR!

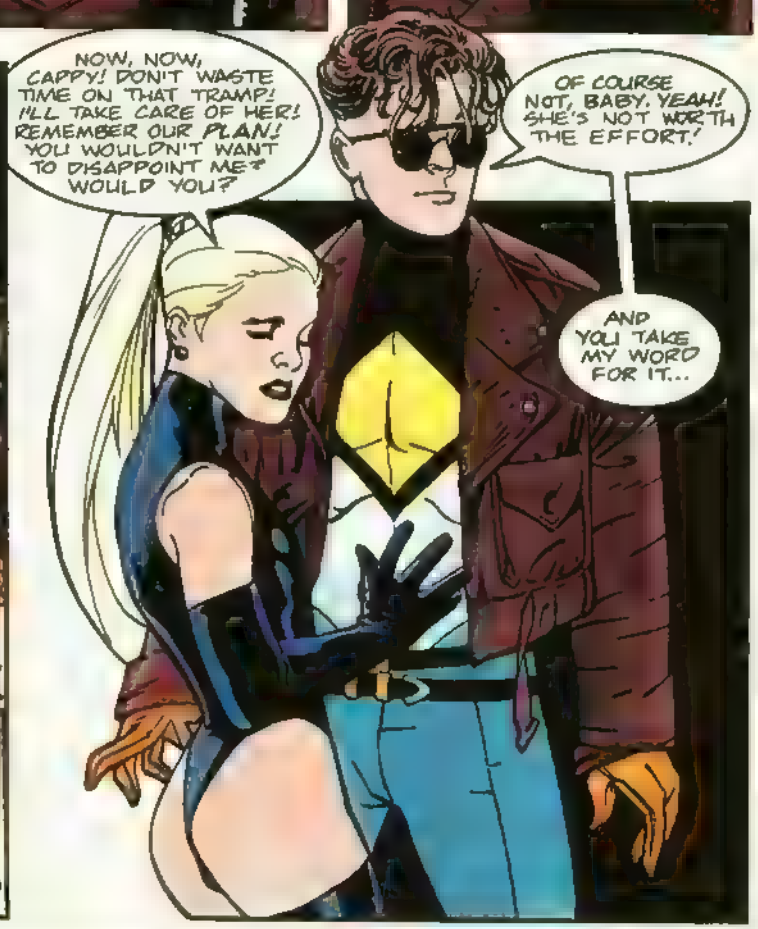

ARGOO!
GET LOST, YA DUMB MUTT!
LISTEN TO THIS!

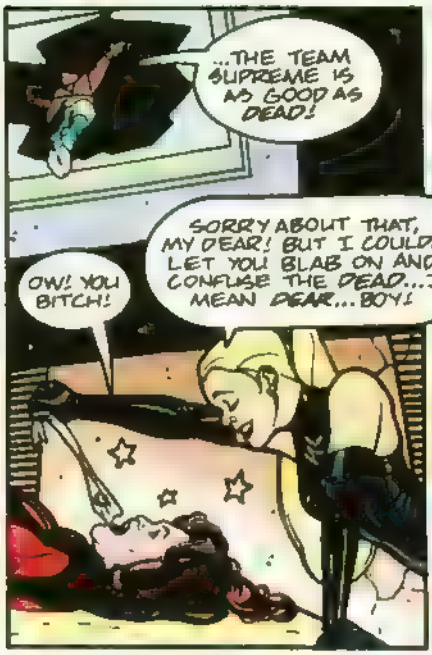

TO FIND OUT WHAT CAP IS HEARING YOU CAN CALL HERICANE ON THE PENTHOUSE COMIX PHONE SEX LINE...

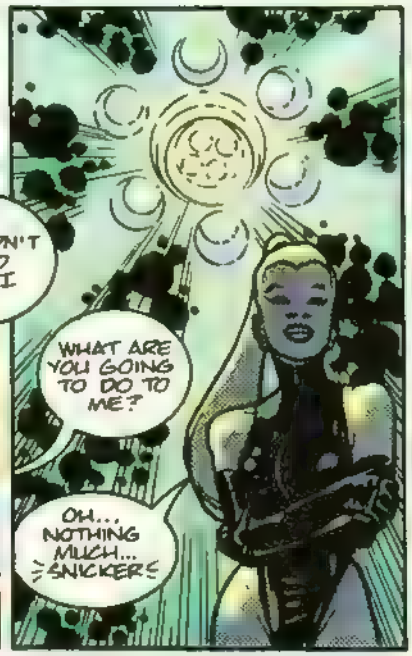
...AT 1-900-77-COMIX ($4.95 PER MINUTE).

OR TURN TO PAGE 16, AND READ... "THE ORIGIN OF HERICANE" WITH ART BY KEVIN MAGUIRE! --Ye Olde Shameless Plugging Ed-in-Chief.

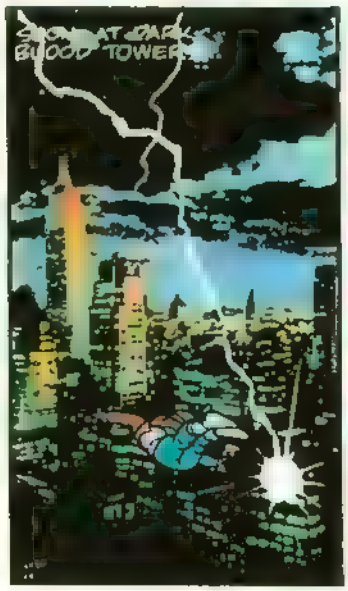
THE PRODUCERS OF PENTHOUSE COMIX WISH TO APOLOGIZE FOR THAT SHAMELESS PLUG WHICH STRIPPED THESE BELOVED CHARACTERS OF ANY SHREAD OF DIGNITY THEY MIGHT HAVE ONCE POSSESSED. THE PARTIES RESPONSIBLE HAVE BEEN SACKED.
YOU FUCKING SLUT! I'LL TEAR YOU APART WITH MY BARE--
THEY ARE REALLY GOOD PHONE SEX MESSAGES, THOUGH.


NOW, NOW, CAPPY! DON'T WASTE TIME ON THAT TRAMP! I'LL TAKE CARE OF HER! REMEMBER OUR PLAN! YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO DISAPPOINT ME? WOULD YOU?
OF COURSE NOT, BABY. YEAH! SHE'S NOT WORTH THE EFFORT!
AND YOU TAKE MY WORD FOR IT...


...THE TEAM SUPREME IS AS GOOD AS DEAD!
SORRY ABOUT THAT, MY DEAR! BUT I COULDN'T LET YOU BLAB ON AND CONFUSE THE DEAD...I MEAN DEAR...BOY!
OW! YOU BITCH!


WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO ME?
OH... NOTHING MUCH... =SNICKER=

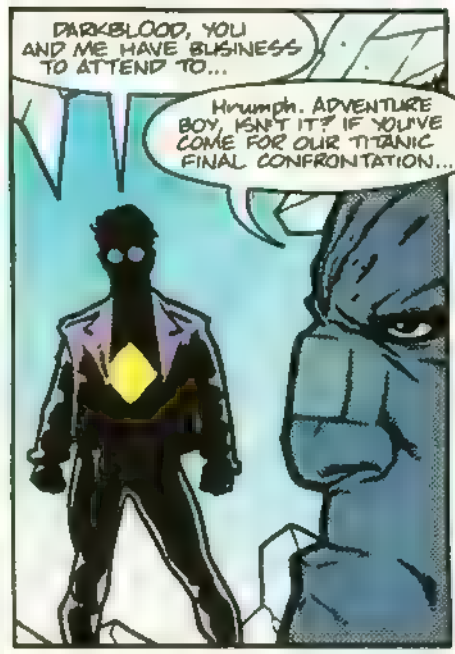
...THINK OF IT AS A... MAKEOVER!


BLOOD TOWER

CRASH

=Sigh!=

PIZZA
TRAP DOOR
BEEP!
THUGS


DARKBLOOD, YOU AND ME HAVE BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO...
Hrumph. ADVENTURE BOY, ISN'T IT? IF YOU'VE COME FOR OUR TITANIC FINAL CONFRONTATION...

YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE AN APPOINTMENT.

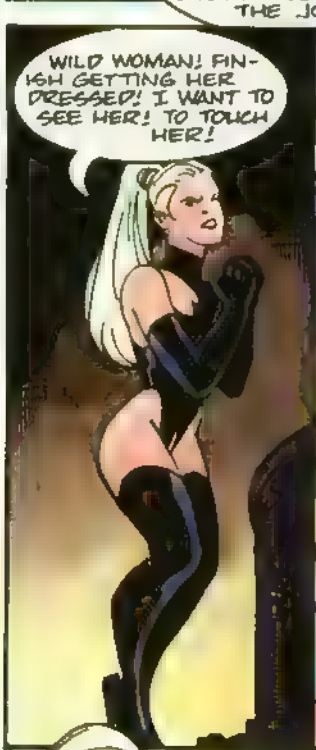
YOU GOT ME ALL WRONG, DARKIE--
--MIND IF I CALL YOU DARKIE?
VERY MUCH.
--ANYWAY, I'M NOT HERE TO FIGHT YOU, I'M HERE TO HELP YOU.

MY WOO-MAN, BAD GIRL, WANTS ME TO WASTE THESE MOTHER-FUCKERS--
LANGUAGE! PLEASE!
-- THE TEAM SUPREME! AN' I FIGURE THAT YOU'VE GOT ALL KINDS OF COOL BIG GUNS THAT COULD HELP ME DO THE JOB.

THAT IGNORANT SLUT BAD GIRL MUST HAVE USED THE EMOTION-REVERSO RAY SHE PURCHASED FROM ME TO TURN THIS "BOY WONDER" INTO A FORCE OF EVIL!
WITH ALL THESE EXCESS BATTLES I'VE BEEN FORCED IN-TO SINCE I SIGNED THAT EXCLUSIVE CONTRACT WITH THOSE K-MART PIMPS OVER AT VALUABLE COMICS, THIS COULD PROVE USEFUL INDEED...

HOW ABOUT IT, D.B., YOU GONNA GIVE ME THE HARD-WARE OR WHAT?

YOU REALIZE, OF COURSE...
...THERE'S A FIVE-DAY WAITING PERIOD.


WILD WOMAN! FIN-ISH GETTING HER DRESSED! I WANT TO SEE HER! TO TOUCH HER!

TO TASTE HER DELICIOUS JUICES!! I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE WHAT SHE'S BE-COME... HER OWN MIRROR IMAGE... A PERFECT COMPLIMENT TO MY SINISTER SCHEMES...
DARK HERCANE!

HERCANE IS NO MORE!
I'VE CAST OFF THE PHALLO-CENTRIC SLAVE NAME PROPA-GATED BY THE BACK-LASH OF MALE OPPRESSION! THE MAN-FORGED CHAINS OF NEANDERTHAL "BREEDER-THOUGHT" WILL NEVER AGAIN SEPARATE ME FROM THE SISTERHOOD OF SAPPHO!
MUFF DIVA
HENCE-FORTH, I AM...

MMMF!

DIESEL DYKE!

WHILE YOUNG CAP AND HERICANE UNDERGO DRAMATIC CHANGES, AT THE KIRBY BUILDING, HEADQUARTERS OF THE TEAM SUPREME...
...SOME THINGS NEVER CHANGE
IT'S NOT THAT WE'RE AGAINST YOU BUYING YOUR WAY INTO THE TEAM... PERSAY...
WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON!?!
STOP THE INSANITY! WE'RE HEROES!
WE DARE NOT BATTLE AMONGST OURSELVES!
...ESPECIALLY WHEN THERE ARE CROSSOVERS WITH OTHER COMPANY'S HEROES TO BATTLE!
WHY ARE THEY FIGHTING, ANYWAY?
MANPOWER FOUND A QUARTER BEHIND THE CUSHIONS.
GANGWAY!!!!
MONEY SHOT!
RE$ALE PAGE!
OKAY, WHO LEFT THE TANNING BOOTH ON?
LOOK! IT'S YOUNG CAPTAIN ADVENTURE!
STOP CALLING ME THAT!

GRRR... I HOPE YOUR BOOKS AREN'T RETURNABLE...
...'CAUSE I'M SENDIN' YOU TO THE THREE-FOR-A-DOLLAR BIN.
BLAST HIM!

BOOM
PHW!
SHAM
BOOM
SHAM

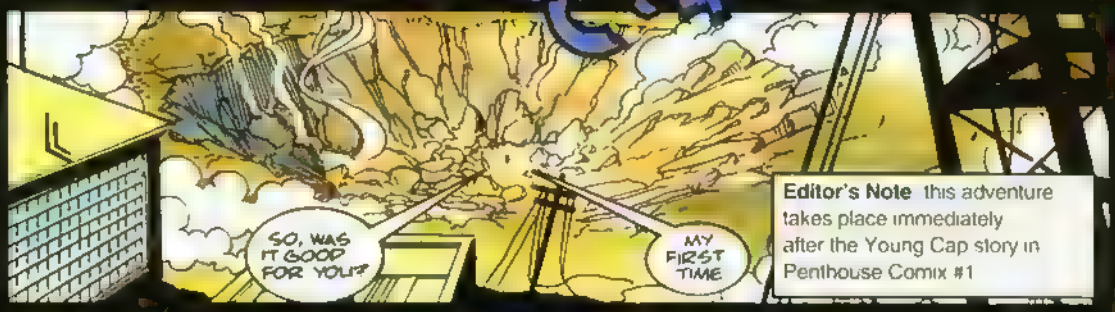
AWWW, SHIT! ...THAT WAS TOO EASY!

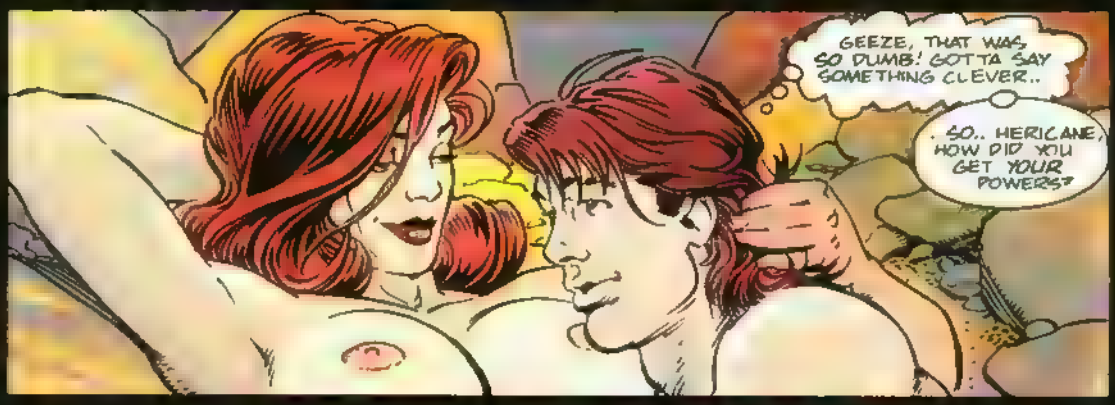
YOU DID IT, YOU BIG HANDSOME HUNK OF MAN YOU!
AND NOW THAT WE'RE ALL TOGETHER, NOTHING CAN STOP US NOW!
TO BE CONTINUED

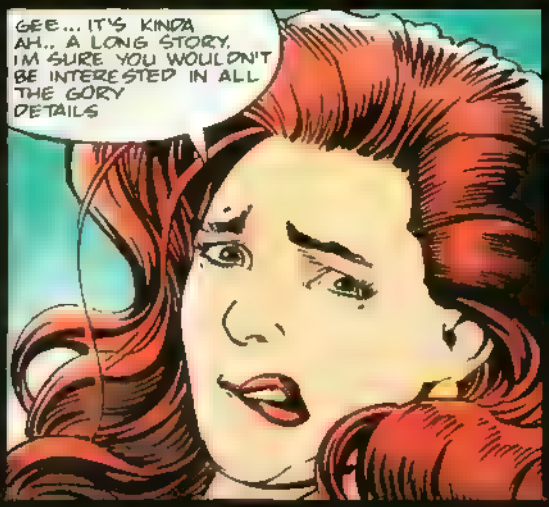
SPECIAL BONUS FEATURE!

# THE ORIGIN OF HERICANE

WRITERS: Caragenna & Thornton
ARTIST: Kevin Maguire
INKER: Joe Rubinstein
COLOR: Suydam
LETTERER: Delpine



HOLLYWOOD, 1976:

WELCOME TO TREMENDOUS STUDIOS, CAPPY! YOU CAN'T IMAGINE HOW THRILLED WE ARE THAT YOU AGREED TO CO-STAR IN "THE BIONIC DOBERMANS II"!

CAPPY--YOU MIND IF I CALL YOU CAPPY?

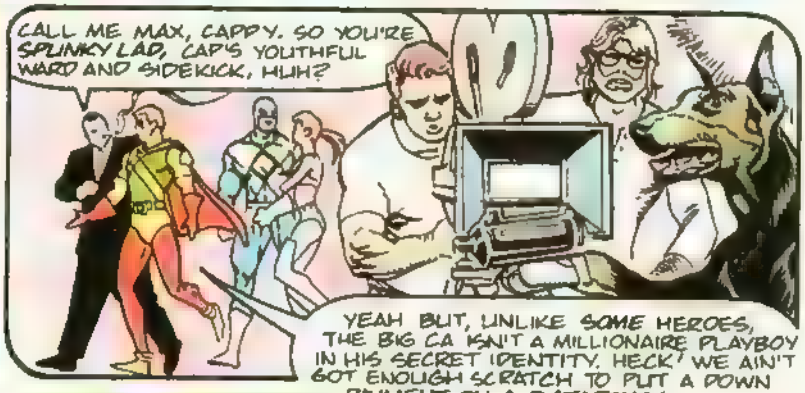
ACTUALLY...

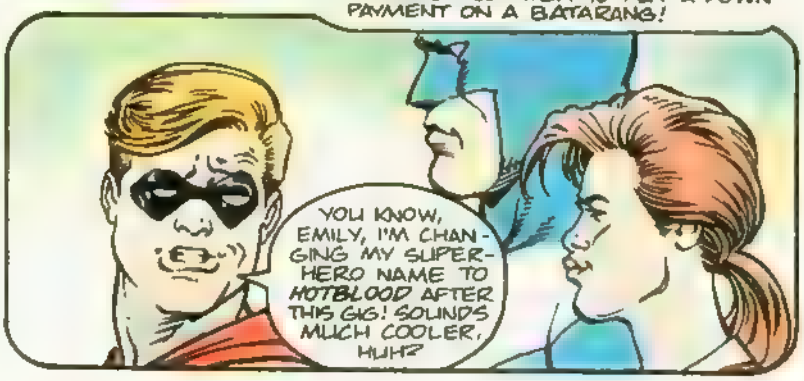
--CAPPY, IF THERE'S ONE THING THAT MAX FELDMAN IS KNOWN FOR IN HOLLYWOOD IT'S QUALITY. QUALITY AND INTEGRITY

QUALITY, INTEGRITY AND... UH...

...STYLE, DADDY.

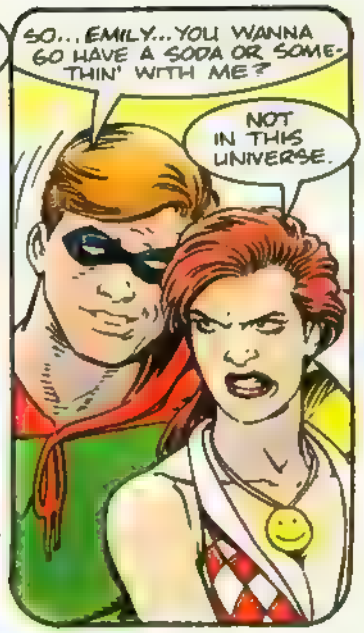
STYLE! AND THAT'S WHAT YOU'VE GOT, CAPPY! STYLE!

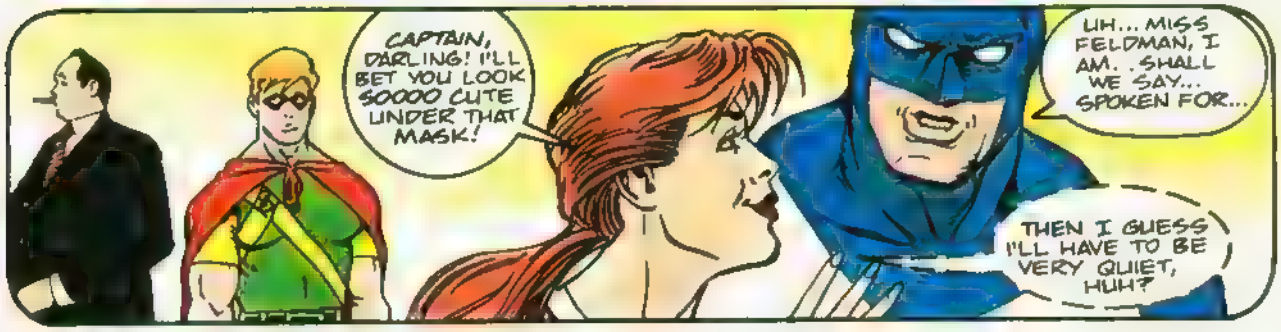


THE VILLAIN IN THIS FLICK IS THE FEARSOME MS. FRIGID, CAPPY!
HEH! THAT OLD BAG HAS SURE GIVEN US A LOT OF TROUBLE OVER THE YEARS!

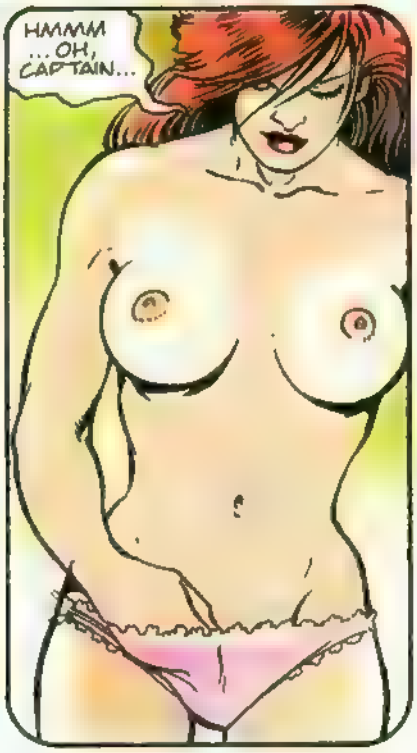
YEAH, WELL, WE'VE TAKEN A FEW LIBERTIES IN CASTING!
GREAT SCOTT!
HEY, CAPPY, THAT'S SHOWBIZ!

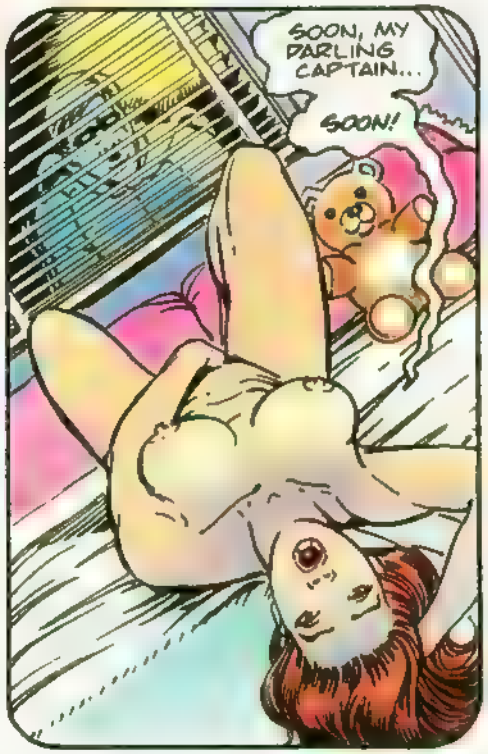

SO... EMILY... YOU WANNA GO HAVE A SODA OR SOMETHIN' WITH ME?
NOT IN THIS UNIVERSE.

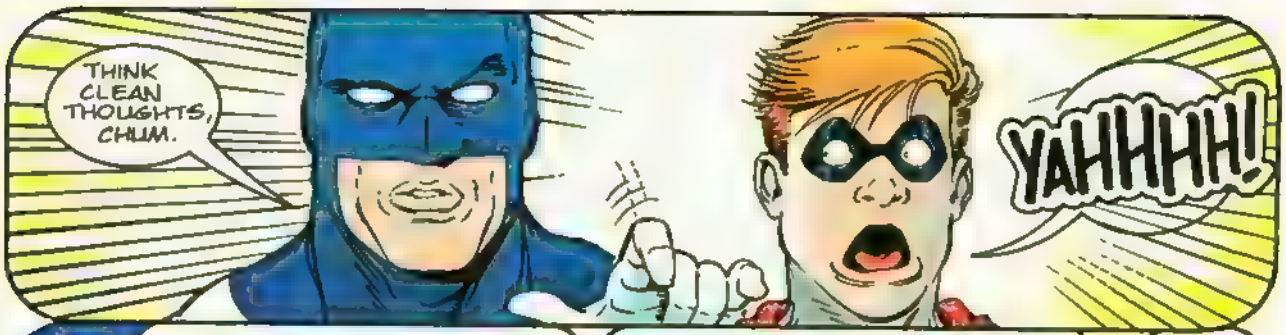

CAPTAIN, DARLING! I'LL BET YOU LOOK SOOOO CUTE UNDER THAT MASK!
UH... MISS FELDMAN, I AM. SHALL WE SAY... SPOKEN FOR...
THEN I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO BE VERY QUIET, HUH?

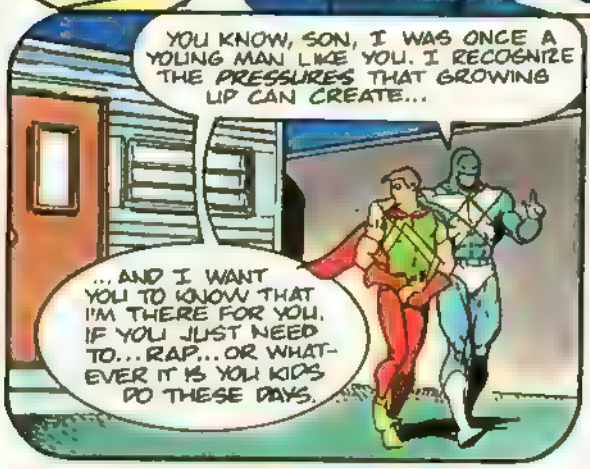
LATER THAT NIGHT...
MAN! CA DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'S MISSING!

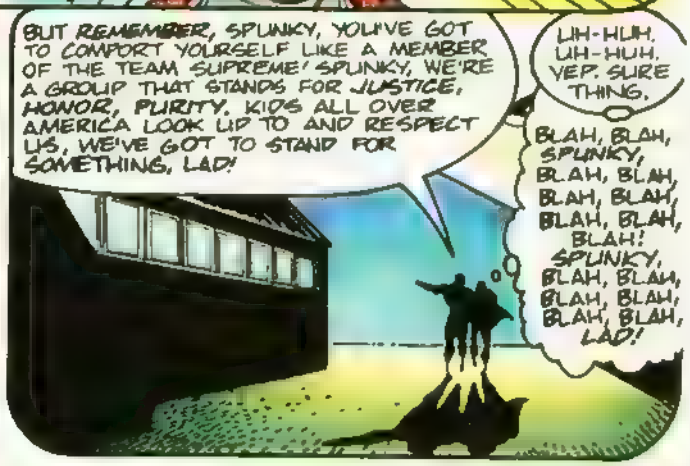
HOLY MOLEY!


HMMM ...OH, CAPTAIN...


SOON, MY DARLING CAPTAIN...
SOON!

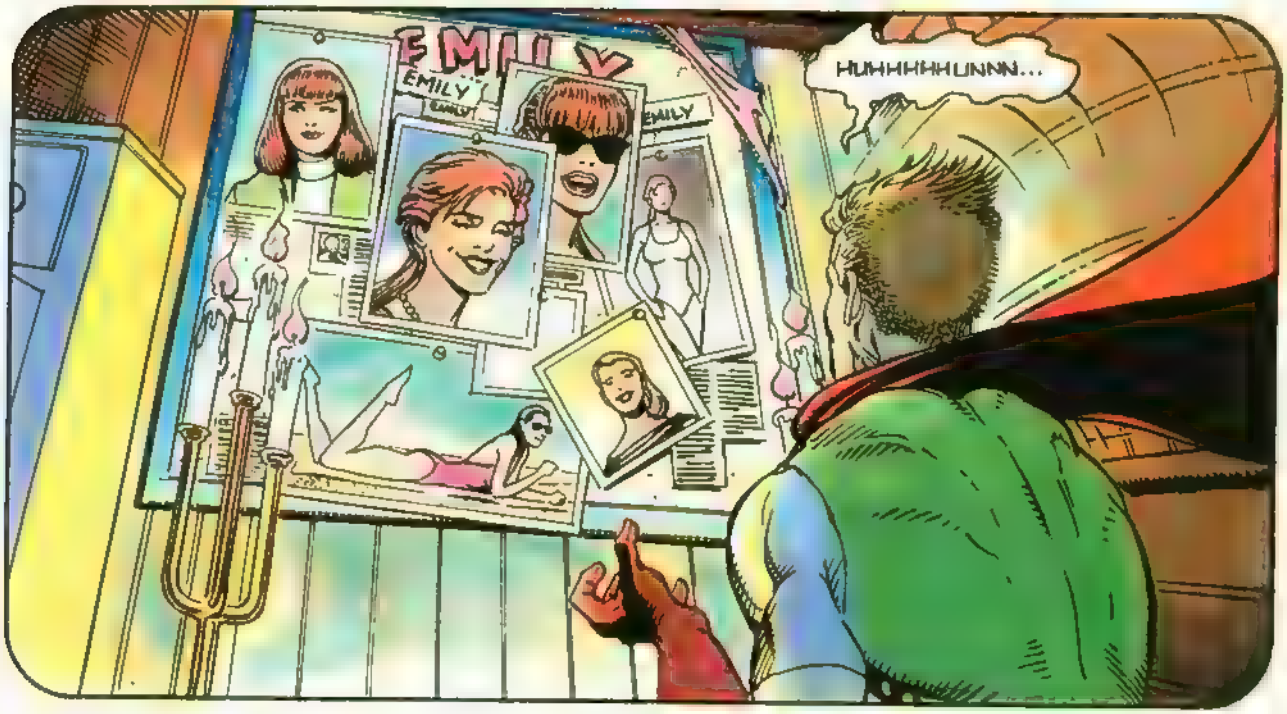

THINK CLEAN THOUGHTS, CHUM.
YAHHHH!


YOU KNOW, SON, I WAS ONCE A YOUNG MAN LIKE YOU. I RECOGNIZE THE PRESSURES THAT GROWING UP CAN CREATE...
...AND I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT I'M THERE FOR YOU. IF YOU JUST NEED TO... RAP... OR WHATEVER IT IS YOU KIDS DO THESE DAYS.

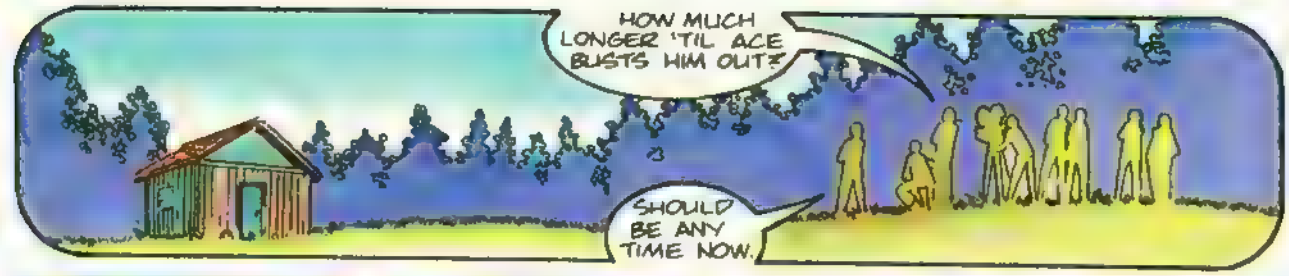

BUT REMEMBER, SPUNKY, YOU'VE GOT TO COMPORT YOURSELF LIKE A MEMBER OF THE TEAM SUPREME! SPUNKY, WE'RE A GROUP THAT STANDS FOR JUSTICE, HONOR, PURITY. KIDS ALL OVER AMERICA LOOK UP TO AND RESPECT US. WE'VE GOT TO STAND FOR SOMETHING, LAD!
UH-HUH. UH-HUH. YEP. SURE THING.
BLAH, BLAH, SPUNKY, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH! SPUNKY, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, LAD!

THIS OBSESSION WITH MISS FELDMAN HAS GOT TO STOP!
OBSESSION? YOU GOT A LOT OF NERVE, CA' SHE'S JUST A CHICK! SHE DOESN'T MEAN A THING TO ME!

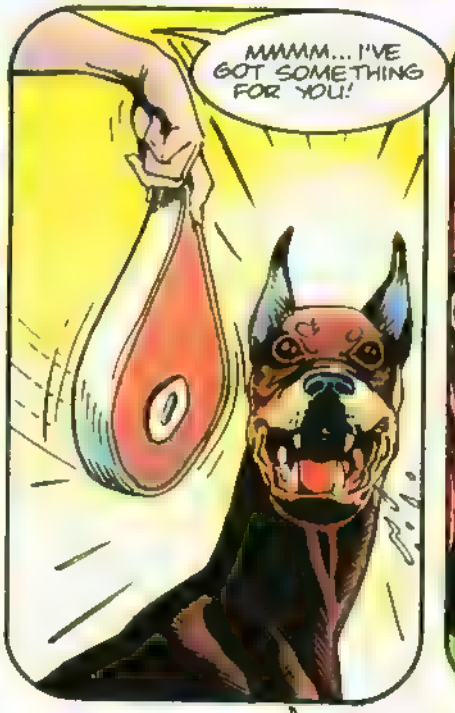
WELL... GLAD TO HEAR IT! GOOD NIGHT, CHUM!
I'M TELLING YOU! I AM NOT OBSESSED WITH HER!

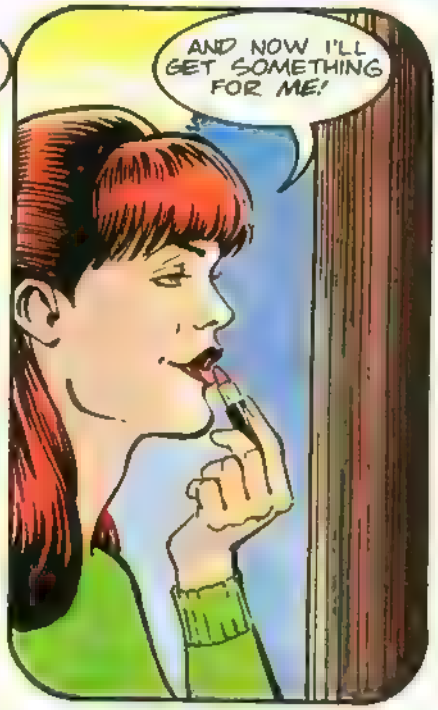

EMILY
EMILY
EMILY
HUHHHHHHUNNN...

OKAY, CAP, IN THIS SCENE, MS FRIGID HAS YOU TRAPPED IN A BLOCK OF HER SPECIAL ABSOLUTE ZERO ICE AND IS READY TO BLOW YOU TO KINGDOM COME THE BIONIC DOBERMAN, ACE, COMES IN, FREES YOU WITH THE BLOW TORCH AND YOU BOTH ESCAPE JUST BEFORE THE BUILDING EXPLODES. GOT IT?
RIGHT. ARE THOSE REAL EXPLOSIVES?
OF COURSE NOT, CAPPY! IT'S ALL HOLLYWOOD MAGIC!
HOW MUCH ARE WE GOING TO SAVE BY USING THE REAL THING INSTEAD OF DOING IT WITH SPECIAL EFFECTS?
ABOUT THIRTY THOUSAND.
FAB-ULOUS!
YOU KNOW, EMILY, MY BIG SCENE IS NEXT. COULD YOU HELP ME GO OVER MY LINES?
HUH?? WHAT YA-SAY?
I SAY...
...STOP BREATHING ON MY NECK!
YOU'VE BEEN FOLLOWING ME AROUND WITH YOUR TONGUE HANGING DOWN BELOW YOUR FLY FOR A WEEK NOW AND I'VE HAD IT UP TO HERE!
GET ONE THING THROUGH YOUR ROCK-HARD-THICK-SKULL, YOU SIMPERING ADOLESCENT NEANDERTHAL!
I WOULDN'T FUCK YOU IF YOU WERE THE LAST MAN ON EARTH!
HMMMM...
R.I.P.
THEY'VE REALLY GOT YOU TRAPPED, HUH, CAP?
YEP. THEY SURE LIKE TO MAKE THIS LOOK REAL, DON'T THEY, MISS FELDMAN?
WELL, THE SHOW MUST GO ON.
GOTTA GO! I'LL SEE YOU SOON!
UH... RIGHT


HOW MUCH LONGER 'TIL ACE BUSTS HIM OUT?
SHOULD BE ANY TIME NOW.

HERE, BOY!


MMMM... I'VE GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU!

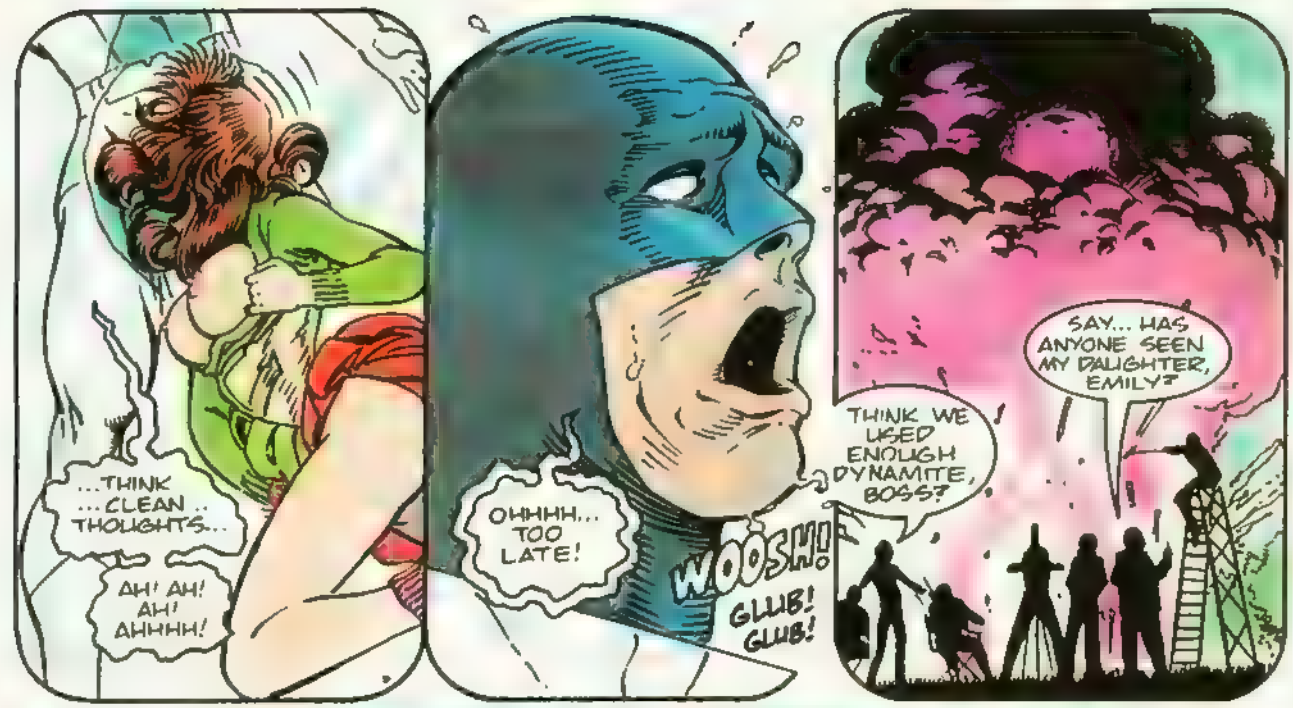

AND NOW I'LL GET SOMETHING FOR ME!

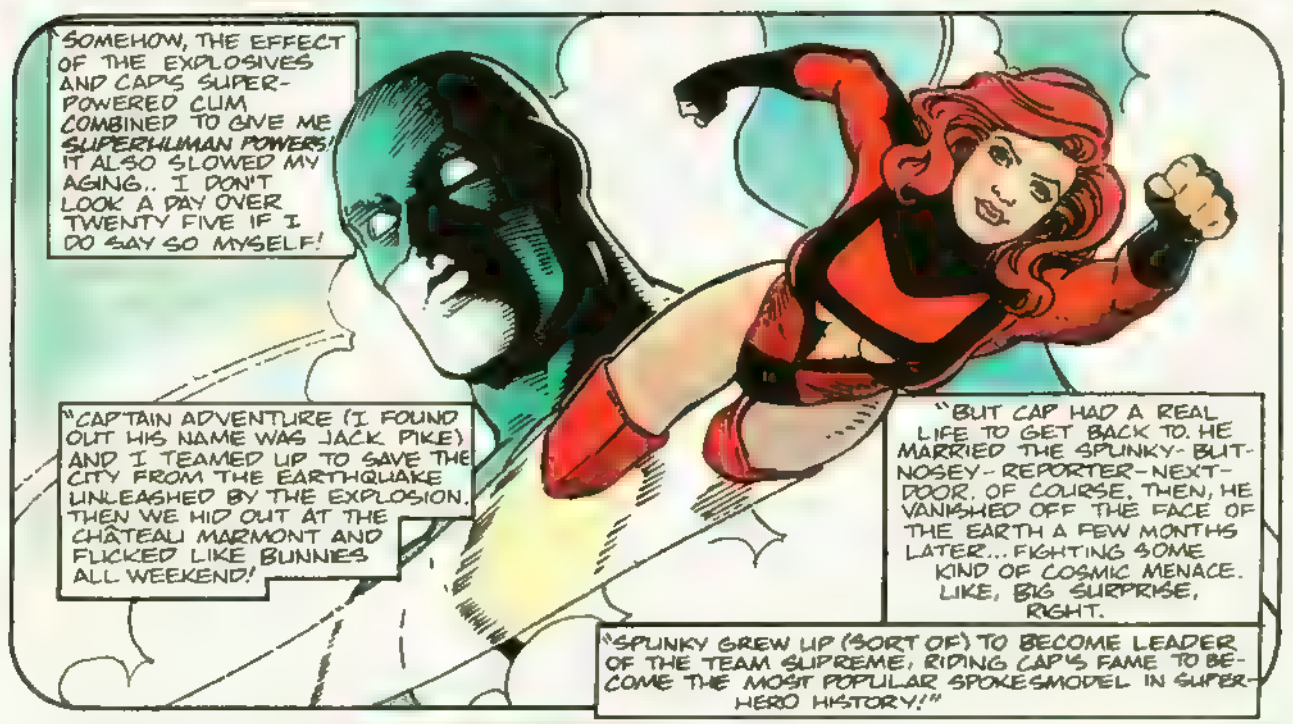
EMILY! I MEAN, MISS FELDMAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
UH... A LITTLE SCRIPT CHANGE. I'M GOING TO RESCUE YOU INSTEAD OF THAT MANGY MUTT.

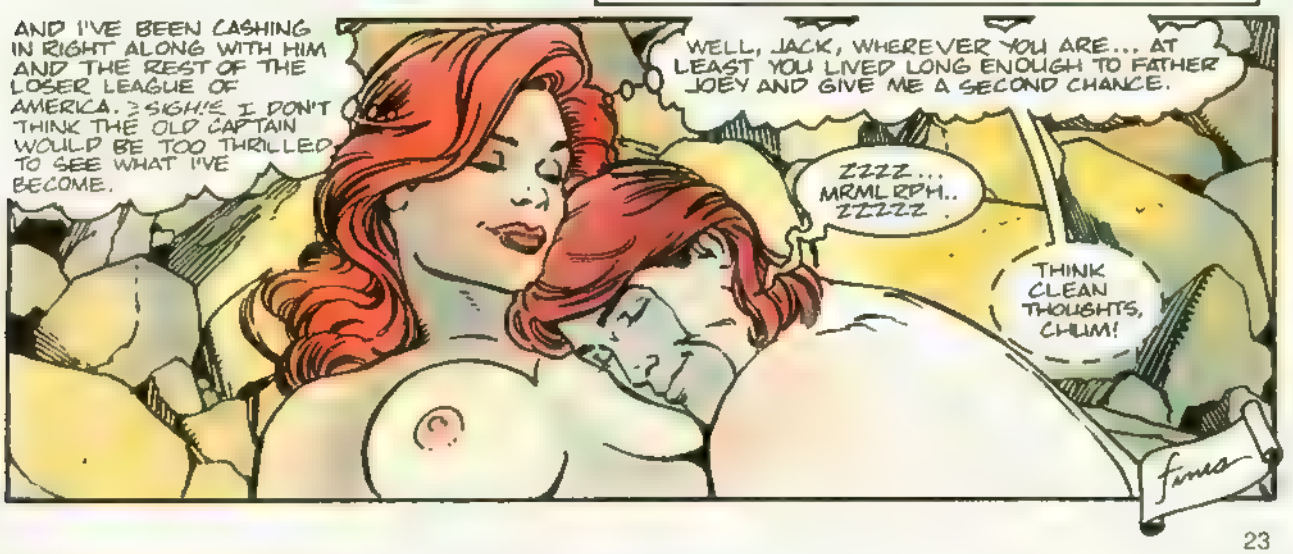
WHY ARE YOU WEARING THAT OUTFIT?
DO YOU LIKE IT? YOU'RE ALWAYS RESCUING CHEERLEADERS AND STUFF IN YOUR COMICS, SO I FIGURED THAT'S THE KIND OF GIRL YOU LIKE

YES, WELL, I REALLY THINK THIS IS NOT THE RIGHT TIME TO DISCUSS THAT.
YOU KNOW, YOU COULD BE A LITTLE LESS CRITICAL AND NEGATIVE.
I'M SORRY. COULD YOU GET ME OUT OF THIS NOW? PLEASE?

GEE! I THINK THOSE ARE REAL EXPLOSIVES...
GREAT SCOTT! THEY'RE USING REAL EXPLOSIVES?!? RIGHT ON TOP OF THE SAN ANDREAS FAULT? THAT COULD DESTROY THE CITY!
URF! CAN'T BUDGE THIS ICE! QUICK, EMILY! GRAB THAT BLOW-TORCH AND CUT ME OUT!
RIGHT, CAPTAIN! I'LL JUST...
WAIT A SECOND. ARE YOU SURE YOU CAN'T BREAK OUT?
ABSOLUTELY SURE! MY BURNING RING O' POWER IS USELESS IN EXTREME ARTIC TEMPERATURES!
YOU KNOW, I THINK I READ THAT SOME-WHERE...
THAT'S IT! I CAN FEEL THE HEAT!
SO CAN I!
ALMOST FREE!
ZZZZIP!
...WHY ARE YOU STOPPING?
ARE THESE BIKINI OR JOCKEY?
MISS FELDMAN! THE EXPLOSIVES!? REMEMBER?!?
GREAT SCOTT! IT'S LIKE A BAR OF IRON!
How will I ever explain this to my spunky-but-nosy-reporter-girlfriend?
SHLURP! SHLURP!


...THINK ...CLEAN .. THOUGHTS...
AH! AH! AH! AHHHH!
OHHHH... TOO LATE!
WOOSH!
GLUB! GLUB!
THINK WE USED ENOUGH DYNAMITE, BOSS?
SAY... HAS ANYONE SEEN MY DAUGHTER, EMILY?


SOMEHOW, THE EFFECT OF THE EXPLOSIVES AND CAP'S SUPER-POWERED CUM COMBINED TO GIVE ME SUPERHUMAN POWERS! IT ALSO SLOWED MY AGING.. I DON'T LOOK A DAY OVER TWENTY FIVE IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF!
"CAPTAIN ADVENTURE (I FOUND OUT HIS NAME WAS JACK PIKE) AND I TEAMED UP TO SAVE THE CITY FROM THE EARTHQUAKE UNLEASHED BY THE EXPLOSION. THEN WE HID OUT AT THE CHÂTEAU MARMONT AND FUCKED LIKE BUNNIES ALL WEEKEND!
"BUT CAP HAD A REAL LIFE TO GET BACK TO. HE MARRIED THE SPUNKY-BUT-NOSEY-REPORTER-NEXT-DOOR. OF COURSE, THEN, HE VANISHED OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH A FEW MONTHS LATER... FIGHTING SOME KIND OF COSMIC MENACE. LIKE, BIG SURPRISE, RIGHT.
"SPUNKY GREW UP (SORT OF) TO BECOME LEADER OF THE TEAM SUPREME, RIDING CAP'S FAME TO BECOME THE MOST POPULAR SPOKESMODEL IN SUPER-HERO HISTORY!"


AND I'VE BEEN CASHING IN RIGHT ALONG WITH HIM AND THE REST OF THE LOSER LEAGUE OF AMERICA. SIGH! I DON'T THINK THE OLD CAPTAIN WOULD BE TOO THRILLED TO SEE WHAT I'VE BECOME.
WELL, JACK, WHEREVER YOU ARE... AT LEAST YOU LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO FATHER JOEY AND GIVE ME A SECOND CHANCE.
ZZZZ... MRMLRPH.. ZZZZZ
THINK CLEAN THOUGHTS, CHUM!
fin

# DOCTOR DARE

## AND THE SPEAR OF DESTINY

## EPISODE II

### "DEATH FROM ABOVE!"

AS WE LAST LEFT OUR HEROINE...

*Doctor Joanna Dare* and *Pat Pike* were sent by *Eleanor Roosevelt* on a secret mission to find famed lost aviatrix *Amelia Earhart*, who was rumored to have been seen in Central Africa. Little did they realize that *Adolf Hitler* had dispatched *Agent D* to locate the legendary *Spear of Destiny* in the same area and that the Fatal Feminazi had been alerted to Dare's mission by a White House spy! Shot down by Luftwaffe Flying Wings and captured by natives, Dare and Pike were invited to a barbeque, only to find that *they* were to be the main course!

JOANNA DARE

A PLUCKY LADY SCIENTIST WHO DEVELOPED THE TOP SECRET GLADIATOR FORMULA NOW, WHENEVER SHE WAS SEX SHE IS TRANSFORMED INTO...

DR DARE

TWO-FISTED ADVENTURIX WITH THE STRENGH OF FIFTY MEN!

PAT PIKE

ARCHEOLOGIST, ADVENTURER, GRAVE ROBBER FROM THE HIMALAYAS TO THE HEART OF DARKEST AFRICA, PAT PIKE FIGHTS FOR TRUTH, BOOTY, AND THE AMERICAN WAY

KING

PAT'S PET OR PERHAPS IT'S THE OTHER WAY AROUND

AMELIA EARHART

THE FAMED 1930's AVIATRIX. THE WORLD BELIEVES THAT SHE IS DEAD, BUT DARE HAS BEEN SENT TO AFRICA TO DISCOVER HER TRUE FATE

FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT

TWO-FISTED PRESIDENT-FOR-LIFE OF THE UNITED STATES. A MAN WITH AN EYE FOR THE LADIES, HE WAS FAMOUS FOR HIS "FIRESIDE CHATS"..

ELENORE ROOSEVELT

FIRST LADY OF THE UNITED STATES. SHE'S THE ONE WHO SENT DARE AND PIKE ON THEIR HAZARDOUS MISSION, WITHOUT TELLING FRANKLIN, OF COURSE

ADOLF HITLER

A FORMER ART STUDENT AND HOUSE PAINTER WHO WORKED HIS WAY UP TO BECOME THE RUTHLESS MAD DICTATOR OF HALF OF EUROPE. HE HAS DISPATCHED AGENT D TO AFRICA TO RECOVER THE LEGENDARY SPEAR OF DESTINY..

AGENT D

DARE'S FEMINAZI NEMESIS. A RUTHLESS SUPER-SPY, WHO LOST HER HAND IN BATTLE WITH DARE NOW, SHE WILL STOP AT NOTHING TO DISCOVER THE SECRET OF DARE'S POWER

THE SPEAR OF DESTINY

REPUTED TO BE THE WEAPON THAT PIERCED CHRIST ON THE CROSS. IT IS SAID THAT HE WHO POSSESSES IT CANNOT BE DEFEATED.

**WRITERS: Caragonne & Thornton ART/COLOR: Gray Morrow LETTERS: Delpine**

CENTRAL AFRICA - DECEMBER, 1939
MOVE YOUR TONGUE, YOU ENGLISHER TRASH! IF YOU DO NOT BRING ME TO CLIMAX IN THE NEXT SIXTY SECONDS
MMMMMMMMMM!
I WILL BE FORCED TO EXECUTE ANOTHER HOSTAGE!
A THOUSAND PARDONS, AGENT D, BUT YOU ASKED TO BE INFORMED OF THE FATE OF DOCTOR DARE!
AND HAVE YOU COME TO REPORT THAT HER DEAD BODY IS STRAPPED ACROSS THE DECK OF YOUR PANZER!?!?
N NEIN, FRAU OBERFUHRER, THE INCESSANT JUNGLE RAINS KEEP PUTTING OUT THE NATIVE'S COOKFIRES
CAN I NOT DELEGATE EVEN THE SMALLEST TASK? I'M SURROUNDED BY FOOLS, WHEN I WISH TO BE SURROUNDED BY HEROES!
OF COURSE, I MUST HANDLE EVERYTHING MYSELF!
HEH, HEH, HEH . JA, OF COURSE

AH, DOCTOR DARE, DO YOU NOT ADMIRE THE BRILLIANCE OF GERMAN EFFICIENCY? IN MOMENTS, THIS WENCH WILL LOWER YOU INTO THE TAR...
WHICH WILL, OF COURSE, PRESERVE YOUR CORPSE FOR THE RETURN TRIP TO THE FATHERLAND! ONCE THERE, YOUR BODY WILL BE DISSECTED AND THE SECRET OF YOUR GLADIATOR SERUM WILL BE MINE!
I MEAN... WILL BE DEDICATED TO THE GREATER GLORY OF THE INVINCIBLE THIRD REICH!
WELL, KING OF THE JUNGLE, WHAT'S YOUR BRILLIANT PLAN TO GET US OUT OF THIS?
HEY, YOU'RE THE ONE WITH THE STRENGTH OF FIFTY MEN!
YES... BUT ONLY AFTER I WELL... YOU KNOW AND IF YOU'D LET ME DO THE TALKING, MAYBE I COULD HAVE GOTTEN ONE OF THOSE NATIVES TO RAVISH ME, BUT NO, YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD SPEAK UMSULA!
"SPEAKING"... THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!
3

CLOSE YOUR EYES, JOANNA
WHAT?
CLOSE YOUR EYES AND CONCENTRATE ON MY VOICE
THIS IS NEVER GOING TO WORK
TRUST ME - - I USED TO WRITE CAPTIONS FOR FRENCH POSTCARDS!
WHILE PAT PIKE TALKS DIRTY TO OUR HELPLESS HEROINE.
...HIS TRUSTY DOG, KING, HAVING BIT THROUGH THE BONDS OF THE HOSTAGES, SETS OFF DOWN RIVER IN SEARCH OF HELP
...AS HE SLID HIS ROCK-HARD MANHOOD SLOWLY, GENTLY, TEASINGLY INTO HER QUIVERING TEMPLE OF VENUS, SHE OPENED BEFORE HIM LIKE A FLOWER IN BLOOM...
OHHH.
WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?
BEGGING FOR MERCY, NO DOUBT! BAH! I NEVER LISTEN.
WHAT DO YOU WANT, YOU JABBERING APE?
TUROO! TUROO!
WHAT? YOU ARE FRIGHTENED OF BIRDS?
HANS! MY FIELD GLASSES!
VAS ?
4

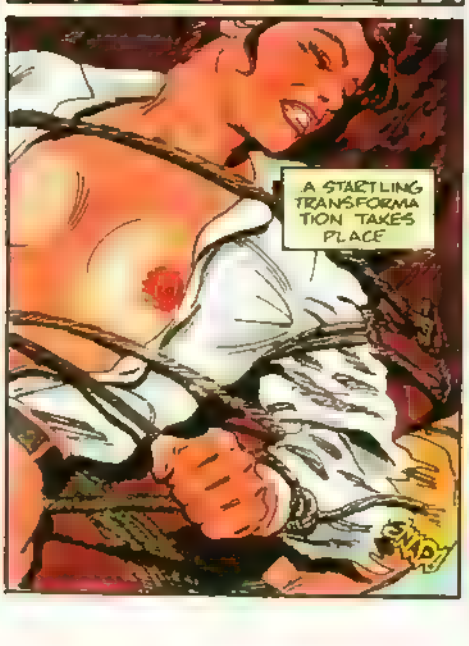
THROO! THROO!
WHAT IS IT, FRAU OBERFUHRER?
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE
UGAWA! LI'BALA! ROWOKA! YEDELLO! ROOKACLICK!*
*(THE SKY GODS COME DOWN TO FEED ON VICTIMS OF THE BLACK POOL!)

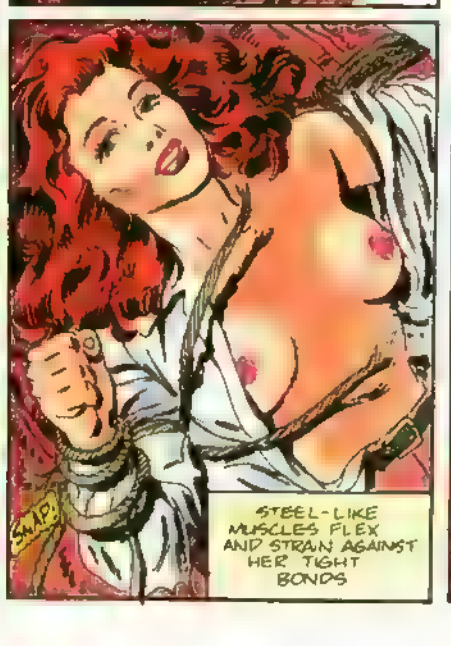
SHUT UP, YOU BLACK DOG! I'M TRYING TO THINK!

AS PAT PIKE'S EROTIC WORDS BUILD TO A CLIMAX

...AND JOANNA FINDS HERSELF AWASH IN THE FIRST WAVES OF ORGASM

FUELED BY THE GLADIATOR SERUM STILL COURSING THROUGH HER VEINS


A STARTLING TRANSFORMATION TAKES PLACE
SNAP!


SNAP!
STEEL-LIKE MUSCLES FLEX AND STRAIN AGAINST HER TIGHT BONDS

AND DOCTOR DARE LIVES AGAIN!

I'VE GOT YOU, SPORT!
Whew!
WHAT ARE YOU STANDING AROUND LIKE THOSE JABBERING NATIVES FOR?
SHOOT THEM! THAT'S WHAT YOUR GUNS ARE FOR!
PAT! PULL UP THE SLACK ON THAT ROPE! CAN YOU MAKE A NOOSE?
KA-PWING!
KA-PWING!
DOES A JAGUAR SHIT IN THE JUNGLE?
NOW WHAT?
YOU'RE THE GREAT WHITE HUNTER! ROPE THEM DOGGIES!
I'LL TAKE CARE OF OUR FRIENDS!
HEADS UP, GOOSE-STEPPERS! HERE'S A LITTLE SOMETHING I OWE YOU!
EVEN DOCTOR DARE CANNOT WITHSTAND THE BLASTS OF OUR PANZER SUPER TANKS!
BUT AGENT D, WE'LL HIT OUR OWN MEN!

THEN THEY SHALL DIE A GLORIOUS DEATH AS HEROES OF THE FATHERLAND!
FIRE!
KA BOOM!
WA-BOOM!
AIIEEEEE!
PAT! STAY DOWN!
DO IT, PAT!
ULP! HERE GOES!
YOU INCOMPETENT FOOLS! YOU LET HER ESCAPE!
WAIT! IF SHE WANTS TO FLY, LET HER FLY
AWAAK!
WE'LL SEE HOW THOSE PRIMITIVE BEASTS STAND UP TO THE MIGHTY AUTO-CANNONS OF OUR INVINCIBLE MESSERSCHMIDTS!

THIS IS A GREAT PLAN, JO!
I MEAN, YOU DO HAVE A PLAN, RIGHT?
SURE! HANG ON!
HA! WHAT COULD BE EASIER?
KEEPING LUNCH DOWN!
NOW WHAT? THEY'VE GOT PLANES, YOU KNOW
IF WE CAN MAKE IT TO THAT MOUNTAIN RANGE, WE CAN LOSE THEM IN THE FOG BANK!
THESE BEASTS ARE FAST, SWEETHEART, BUT I DON'T THINK THEY CAN OUTRUN HOT LEAD!
OKAY, SO WE'RE OUTGUNNED AND OUTPOWERED..
8

LET'S SEE THEM OUT-MANEUVER US!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!?
IT'S CALLED AN IMMELMAN!
MY FATHER WAS IN THE LAFAYETTE ESCADRILLE!*
DAD WAS SHOT DOWN OVER LYON BY A GERMAN PILOT WHO DID ONE OF THESE.
WHAT GOES AROUND COMES AROUND, YOU NAZI SCUM!
* THE LAFAYETTE ESCADRILLE -- A GROUP OF AMERICAN VOLUNTEER PILOTS WHO FOUGHT ALONGSIDE THE FRENCH BEFORE AMERICA ENTERED WORLD WAR I (THE FILM OF THE SAME NAME, MADE IN THE 1950'S, FEATURED A YOUNG CLINT EASTWOOD) -- Ye Olde Film Fan.
KRUMPH
AUF WIEDERSEHEN, FRANZ!
9

THAT'S ONE.
TAKE OVER, PAT!
BOMBS AWAY!
WHOOMP!
SKRUNCH!
RRRIP!
GRRRNK!
10

RATATATATATA TATATATAT
PAT'S "BIRD"! THEY WINGED HIM!
RRRAMMP!
END OF THE LINE, HANS!
GOTT IN HIMMEL!
YOU WERE EXPECTING MAYBE MAE WEST?
MIND IF I BORROW THIS?
ACH, NEIN!
THANKS! YOU'RE A DEAR!
AAIIIEEE!

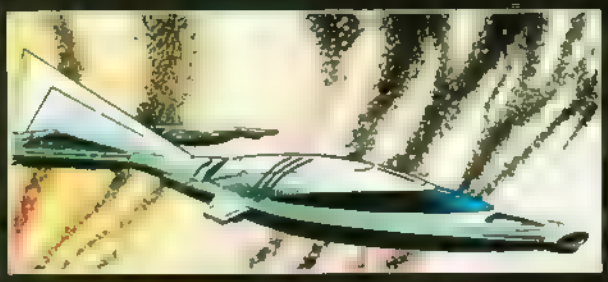
MUST CUT MY WIND RESISTANCE!
GOT TO PICK UP SPEED!
IT WAS A GOOD TRY, DARLIN'.
WE'RE NOT DEAD YET!
HMMMAHHHH
AAHHHAHHHH!
AWWWA!
HOW ABOUT NOW?! ARE WE DEAD NOW?
WOULD YOU STOP WORRYING!?!?
SIGH = SO LONG, "LEFTY"!

"WE'LL BE SAFE WHEN WE GET TO THE MYSTERIOUS FOG-SHROUDED MOUNTAIN RANGE", SHE SAYS. "WHAT COULD BE DANGEROUS THERE," SHE SAYS.
HMMMMM-AAAA!
YOU KNOW, YOU COULD TRY TO BE A LITTLE LESS CRITICAL ALL THE TIME
BRACE YOURSELF, PAT!
BRACE MYSELF!?! WE'RE DROPPING A THOUSAND FEET AND YOU WANT ME TO BRACE MYSELF?!? WHAT DO I LOOK LIKE, PETER PAN?!?
WE'RE PASSING THROUGH THE FOG!
PAT! LOOK! IT'S A ROMAN CITY!
YEAH? WE'RE GONNA GET A REAL CLOSE LOOK IN ABOUT TWO SECONDS!
SKRASSH!
13

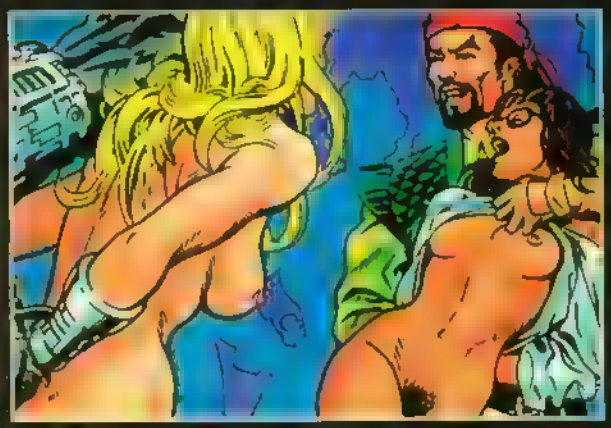
SLAM
AND I THOUGHT MY LIFE WAS WEIRD BEFORE I MET YOU!
<SPARTACVS! SOME TOWELS FOR OVR VNEXPECTED GVESTS!>*
GREAT SCOTT! IT'S HER!
*TRANSLATED FROM ANCIENT LATIN
NEXT: SECRETS, A DEADLY GAME!

# Bethlehem STEELE

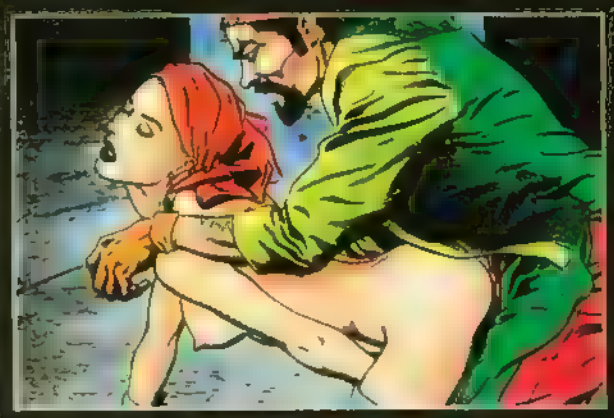
## EPISODE 3: *TANAKA'S GENESIS*



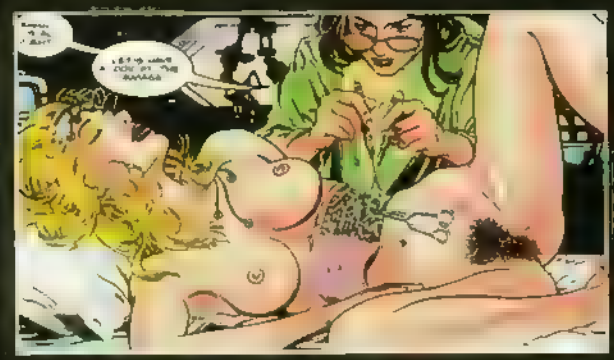
2294-Two women aboard a small starship, **Bethlehem Steele** and **Thea Burroughs,** are on the run and are being hunted by the richest man in the galaxy, **Sho Tanaka.** While repairing their ship's systems, their ship is boarded, and after a fierce battle, they are captured...



...by **Space Corsair Rad Gemini** and his intergalactic band of pirates. Beth and Thea soon learn that Gemini and his men are the sworn foes of Tanaka as well. Impressed with Beth's fighting prowess and Thea's technical skills, Gemini offers them both a place in his crew. In the months that follow, they cut a bloody swath of destruction through Tanaka's galactic holdings.



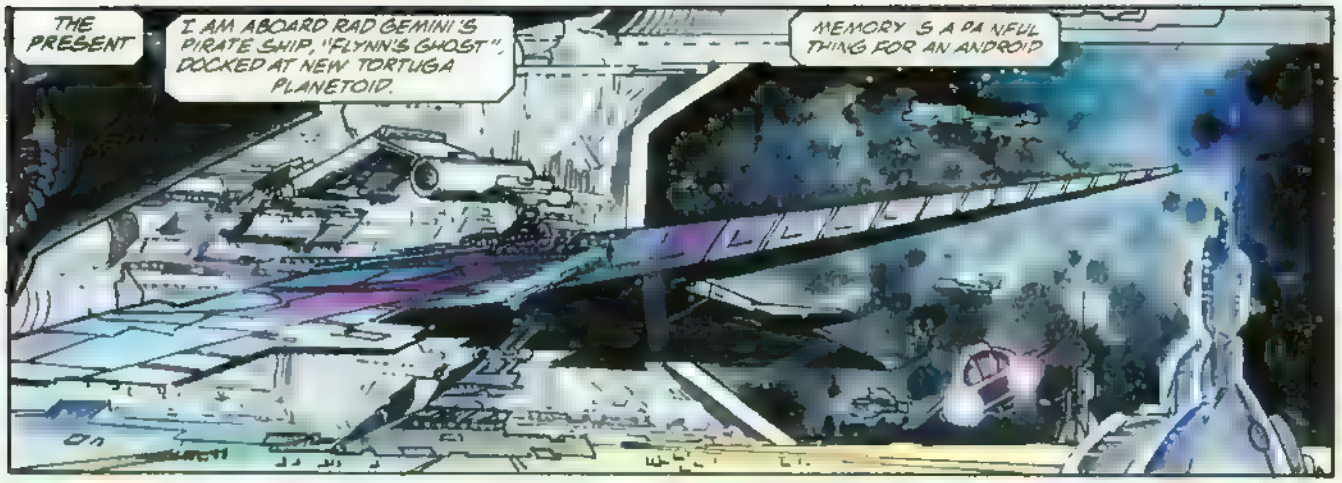
Following their raiding spree, Gemini and his crew lay low on New Tortuga, a lawless, artificial planetoid that is a haven for any number of the galaxy's pirates and other extra legal types. An attraction that has been building between Beth and Gemini blossoms into romance.

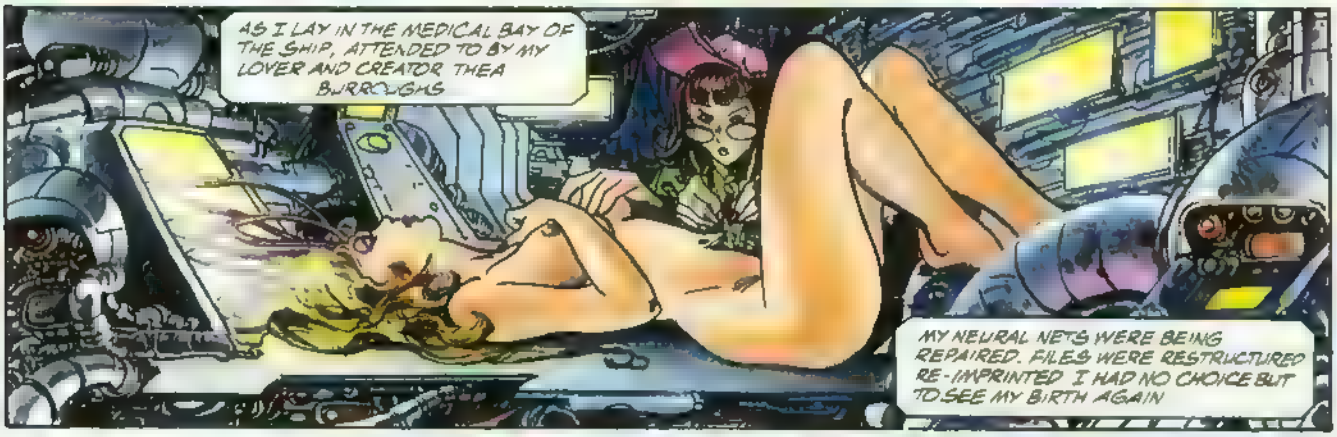


But Gemini is unaware of Beth's secret. Bethlehem Steele is not a human being, she is an android, fashioned in the likeness of the perfect woman. Now Beth's full story is revealed....

**STORY: Mark McClellan with Caragonne & Thornton ART: Azpari LETTERS: Ken Lopez**

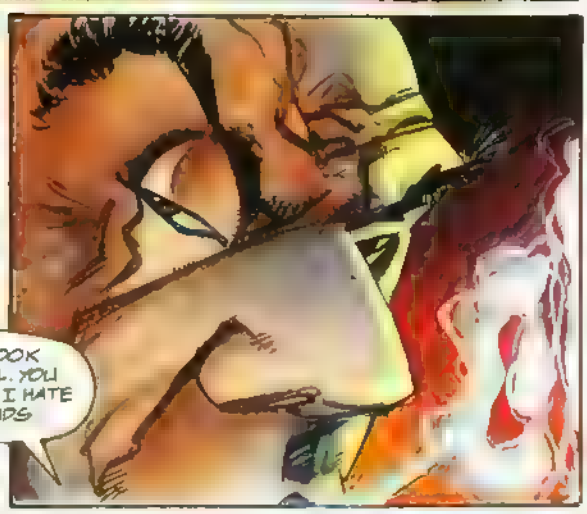
THE PAST
FOR A MACHINE, MEMORY NEVER SOFTENS WITH TIME. A THOUSAND YEARS FROM NOW IT WILL BE AS SHARP AND PAINFUL AS THE MOMENT IT WAS FIRST ETCHED IN MY NEURAL PATHWAYS.
TO BLAZES WITH THIS CEREMONY MEANT TO ENSLAVE ALL MEN! I RENOUNCE ALL WOMEN, ALL OF THESE ERRATIC CREATURES!!!
I WASN'T BORN YET WHEN THESE EVENTS OCCURED. BUT TANAKA'S DISASTROUS 'WEDDING' WAS A MATTER OF RECORD. THE GALACTIC PUBLIC SEEMS TO HAVE AN ENORMOUS AND MORBID FASCINATION WITH THIS MAN AND HIS SICKENING PERSONAL LIFE.
I'M SURE THAT THIS WAS THE MOMENT TANAKA FIRST CONCEIVED OF ME


THE PRESENT
I AM ABOARD RAD GEMINI'S PIRATE SHIP, "FLYNN'S GHOST", DOCKED AT NEW TORTUGA PLANETOID.
MEMORY IS A PAINFUL THING FOR AN ANDROID

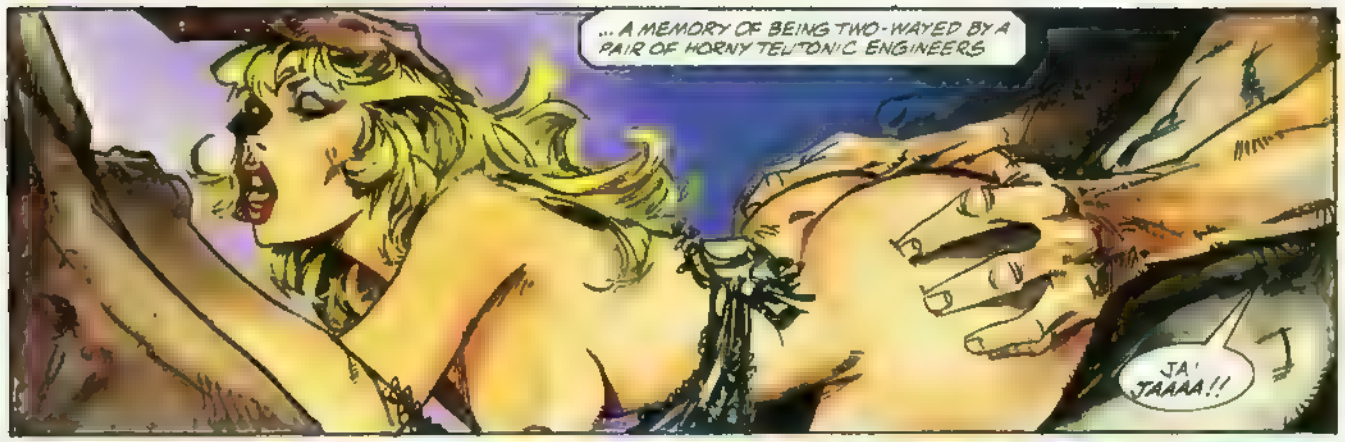

AS I LAY IN THE MEDICAL BAY OF THE SHIP, ATTENDED TO BY MY LOVER AND CREATOR THEA BURROUGHS
MY NEURAL NETS WERE BEING REPAIRED. FILES WERE RESTRUCTURED RE-IMPRINTED. I HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO SEE MY BIRTH AGAIN

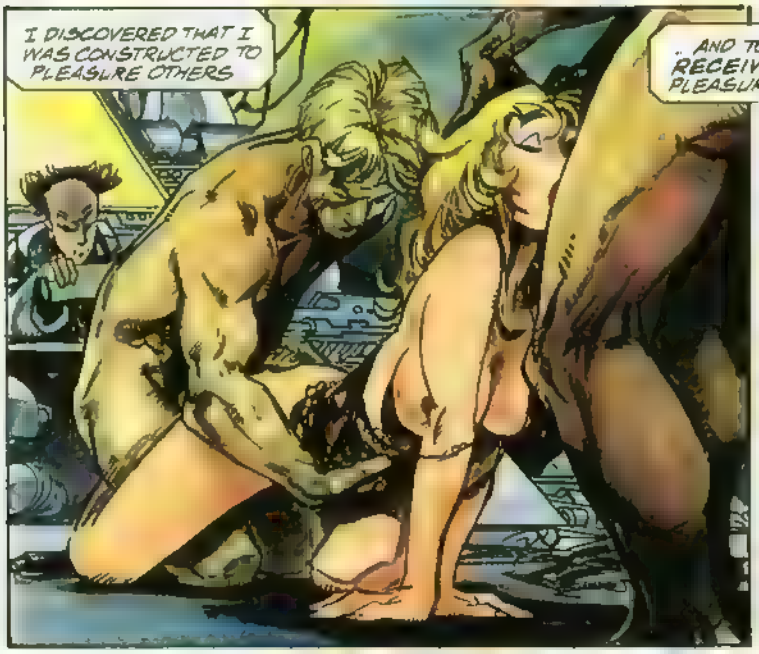
AND WORSE, THE EVENTS IN THE PAST THAT LED UP TO IT

IF I CANNOT HAVE THE WIFE I WANT, THEN I WILL CREATE THE PERFECT WOMAN!
AND THE SHREW AT THE ALTAR?


MAKE IT LOOK ACCIDENTAL. YOU KNOW HOW I HATE LOOSE ENDS

TWO YEARS LATER, AMIDST TANAKA'S INFAMOUS "DREADNOUGHT" FACTORY
THEN, I WAS A SIMPLE MACHINE BARELY AWARE
REMEMBER, RUPP, MY NEEDS ARE SPECIAL. DISTINCT. I FULLY EXPECT THIS... CREATION... TO PERFORM EVERY ONE OF MY WANTS WITHOUT HESITATION.
THAT I WAS A RICH MAN'S PERSONAL TOY.
JA, OF COURSE YOUR FIANCEE WILL PERFORM EXACTLY TO SPECIFICATIONS!
MONTHS LATER
A TOAST GENTLEMEN! THE ANDROID IS COMPLETE!
JA! COMPLETELY VUNDERBAR! I WILL TEST HER OUT IN THE NAME OF SCIENCE, NATURALLY.
ACH. KINDER VILL BE KINDER!
MEN ARE SUCH PIGS!
AT THAT MOMENT MY NEURAL NET PATHWAYS FULLY BOOTED TURNING ME INTO A SENTIENT, COMPLETELY FUNCTIONAL BEING. AND AS MY FIRST MEMORY UPON COMING INTO THIS WORLD--

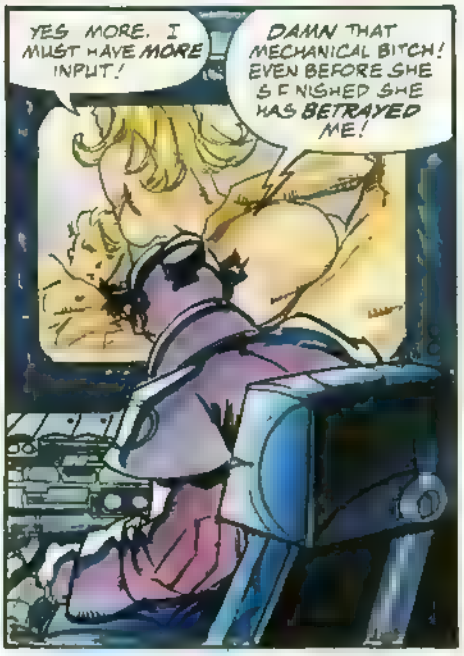

... A MEMORY OF BEING TWO-WAYED BY A PAIR OF HORNY TEUTONIC ENGINEERS
JA! JAAAA!!


I DISCOVERED THAT I WAS CONSTRUCTED TO PLEASURE OTHERS
.. AND TO RECEIVE PLEASURE!

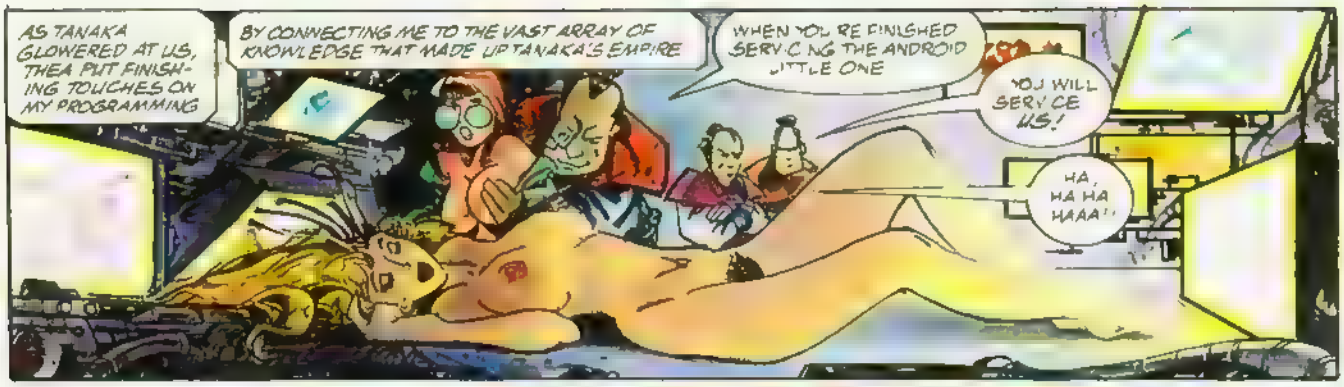
OH OHHH.. YES!!

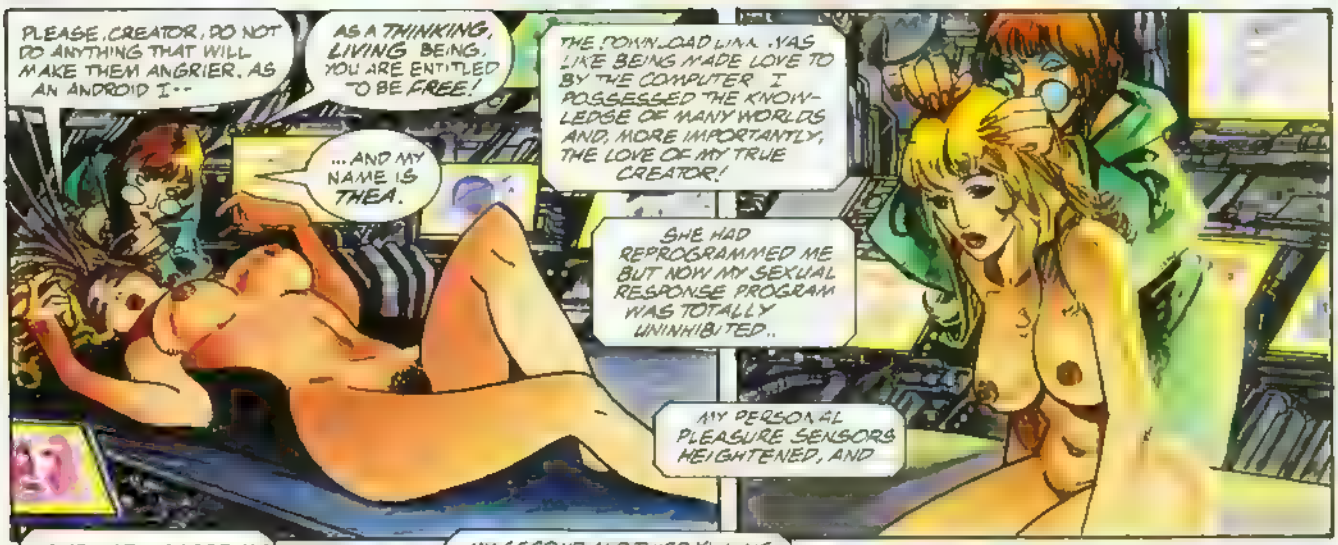
:HIC!: TO BETHLEHEM STEELE! THE PERFECT :HIC!: WOMAN!

OH, MY POOR BETH. I NEVER MEANT FOR YOU TO BE USED THIS WAY!

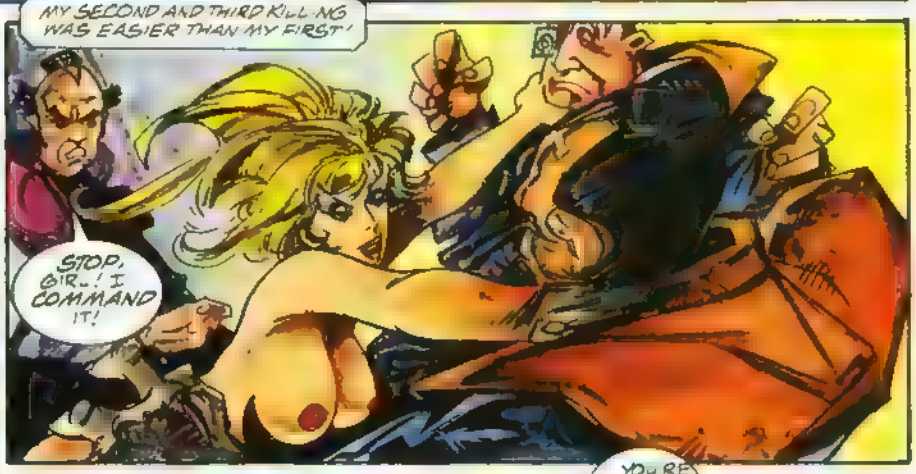

YES MORE. I MUST HAVE MORE INPUT!
DAMN THAT MECHANICAL BITCH! EVEN BEFORE SHE FINISHED SHE HAS BETRAYED ME!

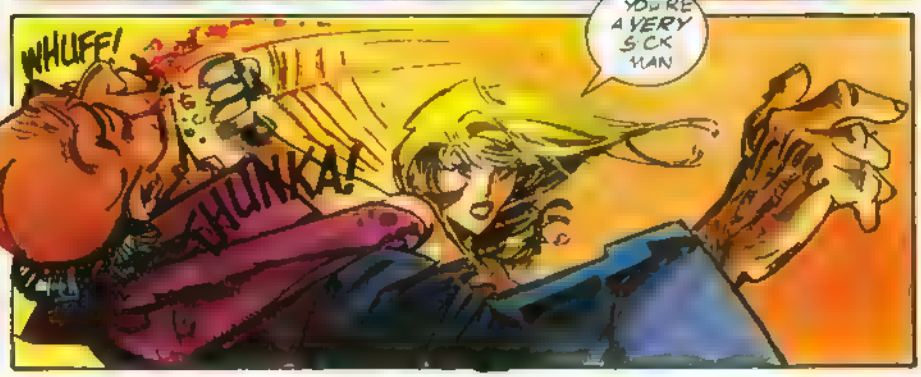
SOUL BETRAYERS! TIME TO PAY FOR YOUR BASE INSTINCTS!
GENTLEMEN DEAL WITH THIS... REFUSE.
AIIEEEE!
SHZAP
ZZZZST
SHZAP
ZZZZST
AIEEE!
AH, MY DEAR I'M SURE IT WAS ALL THEIR FAULT AND YOU DIDN'T ENJOY A MOMENT OF IT.
SHOW ME YOUR DISAPPROVAL BY KILLING THE MAN WHO BUILT YOU.
TO FINISH MY PUNISHMENT, WE MADE SADISTIC LOVE ABOVE THE STILL WARM BODY OF RUDD, HIS CHEST SMOKING FROM A HOLE I HAD JUST DRILLED INTO IT
I ALMOST EXPECTED BETRAYAL FROM THESE FOOLS! BUT YOU, THEA!
LORD TANAKA, I TRIED TO--
YOU'LL GET THE SAME TREATMENT IF YOU DON'T PROGRAM MY ANDROID SO THAT ONLY I CAN GIVE HER PLEASURE -- THAT ANYONE ELSE EVEN ATTEMPTING TO HAVE SEX WITH HER WITHOUT MY PERMISSION IS TO BE INSTANTLY EXECUTED...
BY HER OWN HAND!

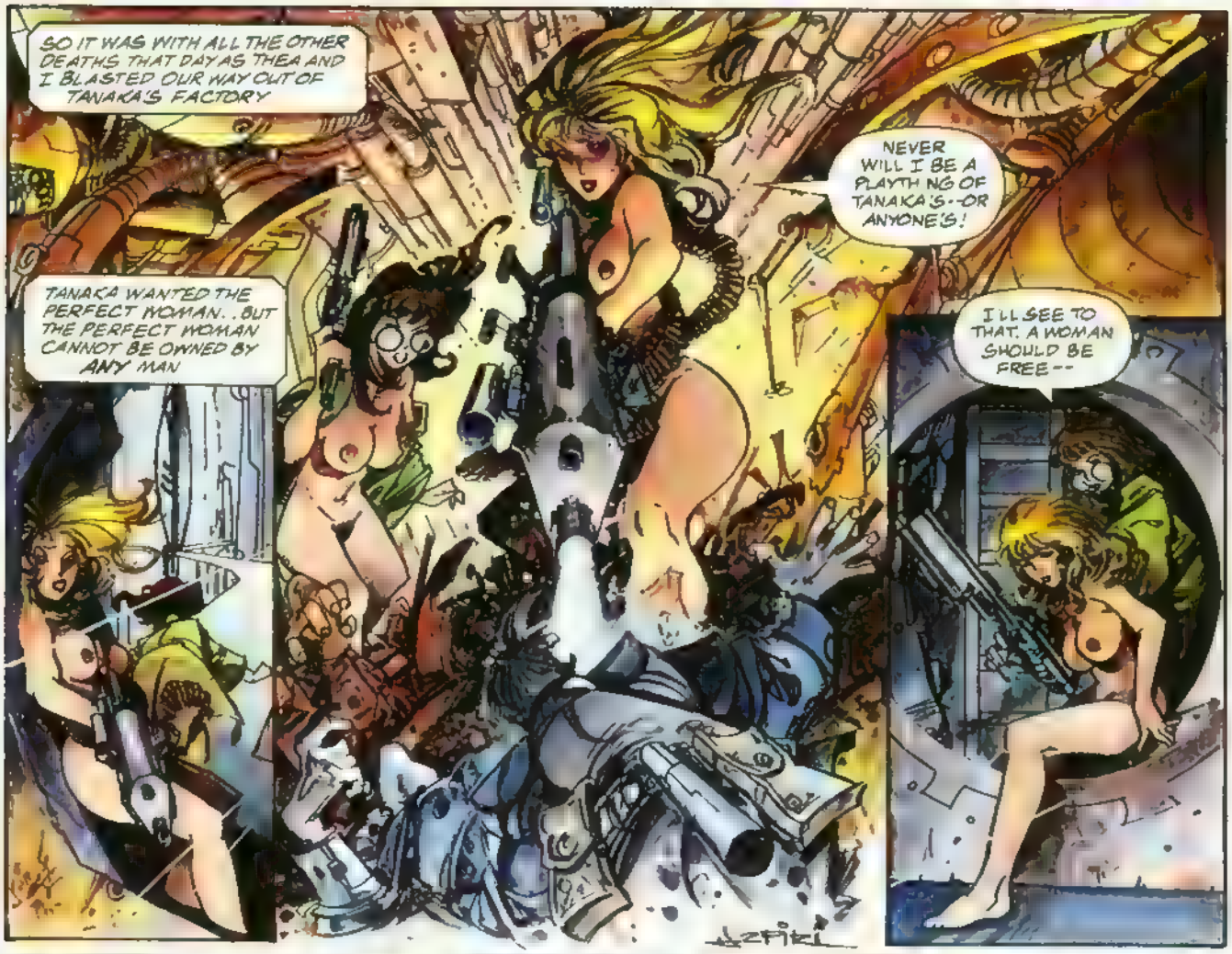

AS TANAKA GLOWERED AT US, THEA PUT FINISHING TOUCHES ON MY PROGRAMMING
BY CONNECTING ME TO THE VAST ARRAY OF KNOWLEDGE THAT MADE UP TANAKA'S EMPIRE
WHEN YOU'RE FINISHED SERVICING THE ANDROID LITTLE ONE
YOU WILL SERVICE US!
HA, HA HA HAAA!!

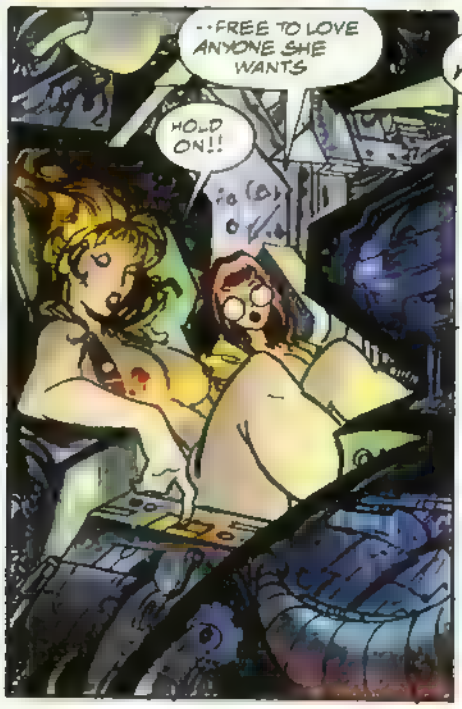

PLEASE, CREATOR, DO NOT DO ANYTHING THAT WILL MAKE THEM ANGRIER. AS AN ANDROID I--
AS A THINKING, LIVING BEING, YOU ARE ENTITLED TO BE FREE!
...AND MY NAME IS THEA.
THE DOWNLOADING WAS LIKE BEING MADE LOVE TO BY THE COMPUTER I POSSESSED THE KNOWLEDGE OF MANY WORLDS AND, MORE IMPORTANTLY, THE LOVE OF MY TRUE CREATOR!
SHE HAD REPROGRAMMED ME BUT NOW MY SEXUAL RESPONSE PROGRAM WAS TOTALLY UNINHIBITED..
MY PERSONAL PLEASURE SENSORS HEIGHTENED, AND

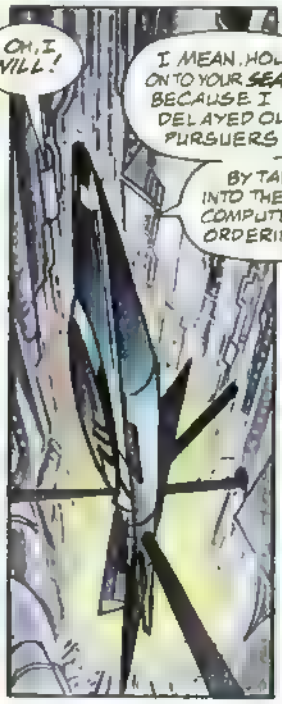
SHE HAD ERASED MY TANAKA-LOYALTY SUB-PROGRAM.
I WAS TRULY FREE
WHAT ARE YOU TWO WENCHES DOING--


MY SECOND AND THIRD KILLING WAS EASIER THAN MY FIRST!
STOP, SIR..! I COMMAND IT!

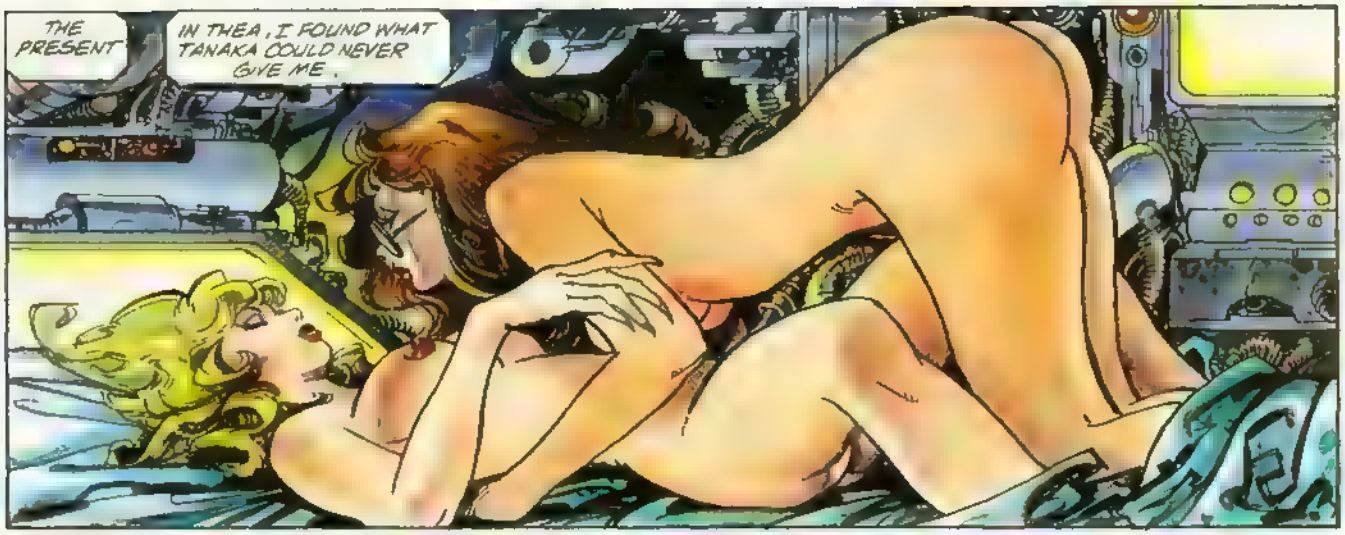

WHUFF!
CHUNKA!
YOU'RE A VERY SICK MAN

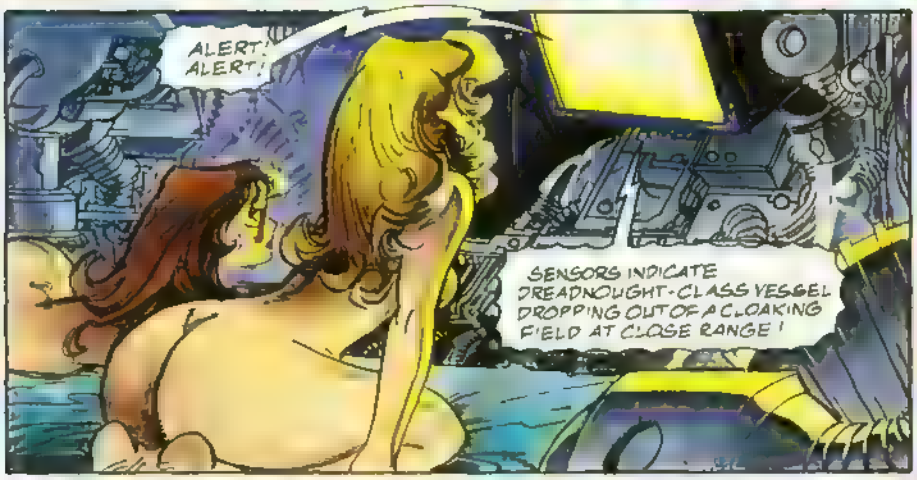

SO IT WAS WITH ALL THE OTHER DEATHS THAT DAY AS THEA AND I BLASTED OUR WAY OUT OF TANAKA'S FACTORY
TANAKA WANTED THE PERFECT WOMAN. . BUT THE PERFECT WOMAN CANNOT BE OWNED BY ANY MAN
NEVER WILL I BE A PLAYTH NG OF TANAKA'S--OR ANYONE'S!
I'LL SEE TO THAT. A WOMAN SHOULD BE FREE--


--FREE TO LOVE ANYONE SHE WANTS
HOLD ON!!


OH, I WILL!
I MEAN, HOLD ON TO YOUR SEAT BECAUSE I DELAYED OUR PURSUERS.
BY TAPPING INTO THE FACTORY COMPUTER AND ORDERING IT..

TO SELF DESTRUCT.


THE PRESENT
IN THEA, I FOUND WHAT TANAKA COULD NEVER GIVE ME.


ALERT! ALERT!
SENSORS INDICATE DREADNOUGHT-CLASS VESSEL DROPPING OUT OF A CLOAKING FIELD AT CLOSE RANGE!

DAMN YOU, YOU BASTARD.

ATTENTION, PIRATE SCUM! THIS IS SHO TANAKA I HAVE COME TO RECLAIM
...MY PROPERTY!
NEXT ISSUE: 'THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS'

# ONE MAN'S OPINION

BY GEORGE CARAGONNE

*First, a note to the readers of this column. The views expressed here are mine and mine alone. They are not* Penthouse *corporate policy, they are not necessarily shared by the artists and others who work on this book. I make no "litmus test" for people who work on or read* Penthouse Comix. *I do not need (or even want) everyone to agree with me. I want the best people working on my book, and many of these people have deeply held opinions that differ from my own. That's why my column is called "One Man's Opinion." This book is about freedom to do what you want, say what you want, and think what you want. The real problem with the political correctness that I rail against in every issue is that it seeks to stifle all expression of dissenting opinion with a mask of outrage that anyone would dare to speak against its dogma. The politically correct person seeks to silence all who disagree with him by saying that they are "offensive," "insensitive," "racist," "sexist," "homophobic," and a thousand other names without ever addressing the argument. Name-calling replaces debate.*

*I welcome differing opinions. From time to time, I'll be stepping down from my soapbox to let other men— or women!—write guest columns in this space.*

*But not this month. This month I'm pig-biting mad.*

This magazine has been banned in Canada. To understand this, you need to understand how censorship in Canada works. Canadian censors have very loosely defined "guidelines" for what constitutes illegal material. These guidelines are interpreted by individual censors in Ottawa. Canadian censorship doesn't work on precedent (as British Customs works, for example) or local standards (as most of the free world), but entirely on the whim of the individual censors on that particular day, with no appeal to another authority in time to publish, and no input from the public (and since the Canadian censors are not elected officials, they are not answerable to the Canadian people). What's allowed one day may be banned the next. Unlike the United States, Canada has no First Amendment protection of freedom of speech. The people of Canada only get to read, see, and think what the Canadian government allows them to read, see, and think.

As you may know, *Penthouse* magazine and other adult mags published by *Penthouse* (*Forum*, *Variations*, *Hot Talk*, and *Penthouse Comix*, to name but a few) are exported to Canada. We at *Penthouse Comix* actually did our best to follow the Canadian guidelines. I submitted a dummy copy of *Penthouse Comix* No. 2 to our legal department. We complied with the Canadian procedures for clearance and submitted a copy to Canadian Customs, as per their laws. One week before the book shipped, Canadian Customs informed us that whole pages would have to be removed in order for it to be allowed to cross the border into Canada. *Penthouse Comix* No.1 made it past the censors. *Penthouse Comix* No. 2, which contains the exact same kind of material, was banned.

All of this lead me to the decision that *Penthouse Comix* would be published without a single panel being censored. If the Canadian government seizes them, the world will stand witness. I believe that you cannot bargain with intellectual terrorists.

*Penthouse Comix* is distributed freely in Great Britain, the United States, France, Italy, Spain, Australia, New Zealand, and even in former Iron Curtain countries like (East) Germany.

Thus far, it is only banned by one government.

BANNED IN CANADA!



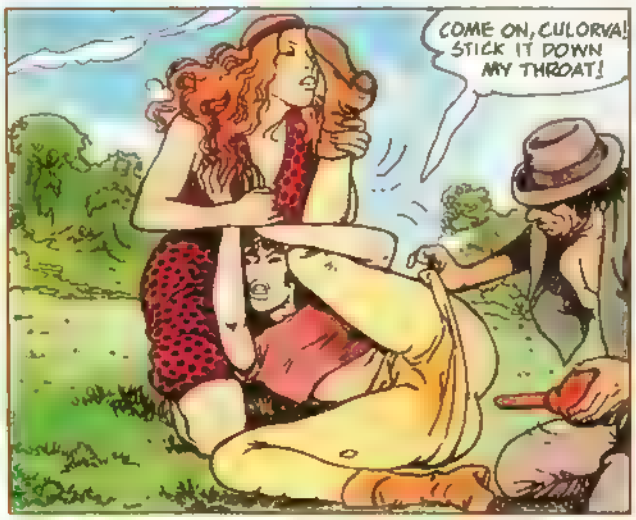
Only the Canadian government feels the need to treat its citizens like children, stepping into their private lives and deciding what is permitted and what is banned. Thousands of Canadians who bought *Penthouse Comix* No. 1 and enjoyed it are being denied the right to read the magazine again. If people don't like this book, they don't have to buy it, but I believe with every fiber of my being that as adults Canadians should have the right to make that choice themselves, without Big Brother looking over their shoulder and without fear of seizure.

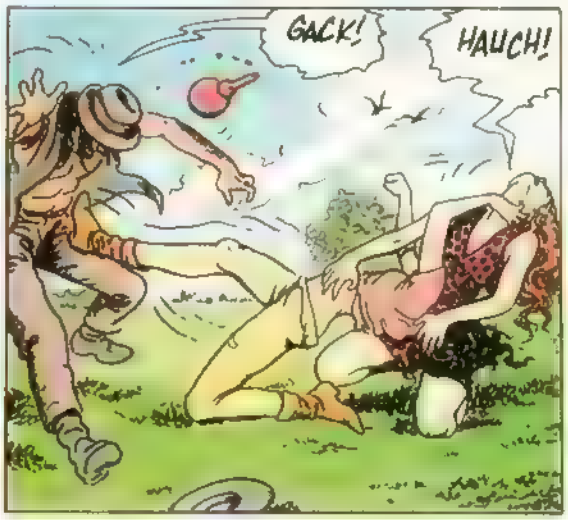
To any Canadian citizen who gets a hold of this book and reads it, please do not take my comments as being negative toward the Canadian people. I feel nothing but fondness for the country that gave us William Shatner! I hope that one day you will take action to secure your own freedom—not just to read my magazine, but to read whatever you want.

To quote Captain James T. Kirk, freedom is "not just for the chiefs or the kings or the warriors or the rich or the powerful, but *for all the people*! It must apply to *everyone*! Or it means *nothing*!"

**On this and the following pages, I present the images that got *Penthouse Comix* No. 2 banned in Canada. Are these panels such a threat, are they so obscene, so dangerous, are its citizens so incapable of making their own decisions, that a government must censor them?**

**You be the judge.**

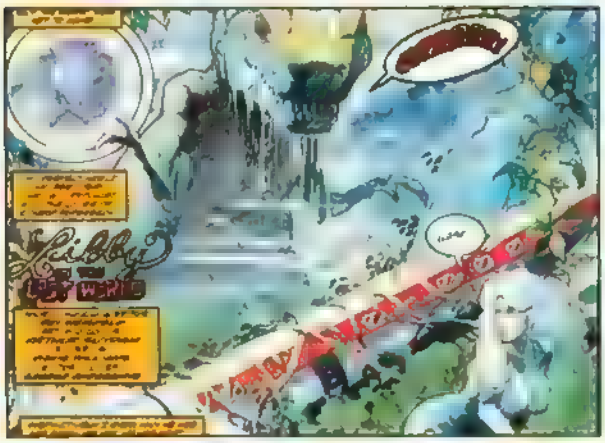


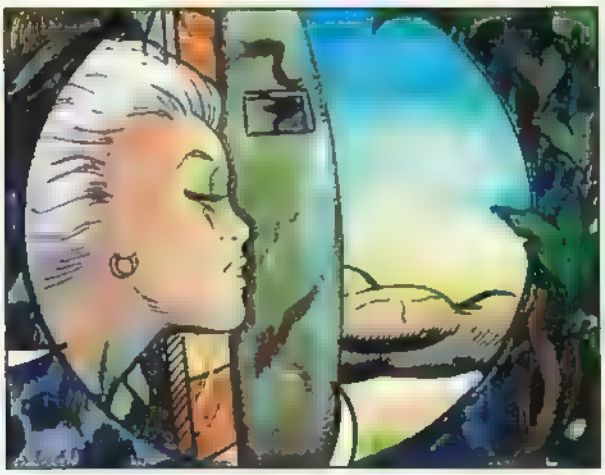

**CANADIAN CENSORS BAN THIS AS "DEPICTION OF SEXUAL ASSAULT"**
**Looks like a woman *defending* herself from assault to me! I guess that's out-of-bounds north of the border!**

# Libby in the Lost World

## EPISODE 3: *SPRING FEVER*



**Libby Eisenberg,** a hard-as-nails New York princess with attitude, was on her way to her glorious wedding with a rich Arab sugar daddy when she crash-landed in a prehistoric jungle that time forgot. Now, instead of being oppressed by male aggression, she's being hunted by 30-foot reptiles with big, sharp teeth.



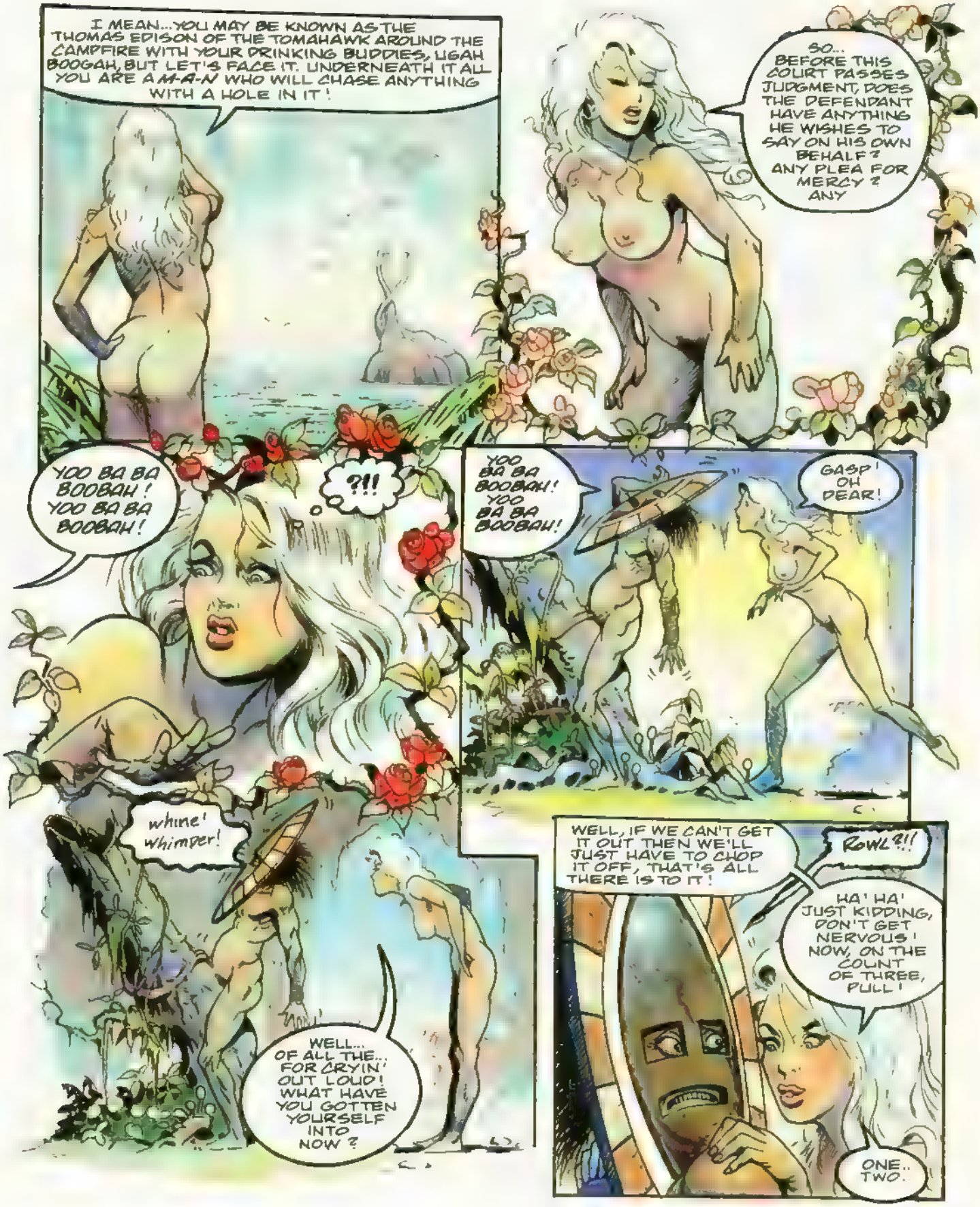
But, as noted above, Libby's a tough babe. She ends up being hailed as living goddess by a tribe of cavemen, led by her new live-in boyfriend, the Stone Age mastermind, Ugah Boogah (whom she still hasn't seen without his mask).

At this point things have gotten so bad for poor Libby (I mean, *you* try living in a neighborhood without a decent deli) that she's willing to do *anything* to get home. Actually, the only thing she's willing to do is make Ugah's life a living hell until *he* figures out what to do (and he's still working on making her a hair dryer of stone knives and bearskins).

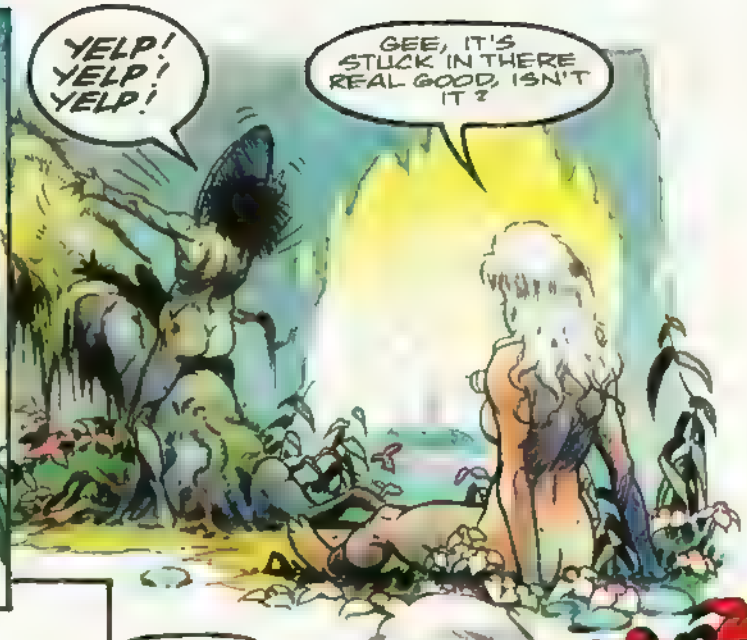
**STORY: Arthur Suydam and Ray Weisfeld ART: Arthur Suydam LETTERS: Vickie Williams**

UGAH BOOGAH!
NOPE!
UH-UH!
UGAH BOOGAH!
NO WAY, JOSE!
UGAH BOOGAH!
WHEN COWS FLY, BUSTER!
UGAH BOOGAH! UGAH BOOGAH! UGAH BOOGAH!
FORGET IT, UGGY! NO MORE UGAH BOOGAH 'TIL YOU ACCEPT YOUR RESPONSIBILITY AS LEADER OF THIS HOUSEHOLD AND GET US BACK TO CIVILIZATION WHERE WE BELONG!
PUFF! PANT! PANT!
IT WAS A GLORIOUSLY BEAUTIFUL MORNING IN THE LOST LAND AS I STROLLED THROUGH THE MEADOW TOWARDS PINE LAKE, I NOTICED A STRANGENESS IN THE FOREST IN THE NEAR UNDERBRUSH, I COULD HEAR THE NERVOUS CHATTER OF ANIMALS SCURRYING ABOUT. FROM THE GIANT PALMS LOOMING OVERHEAD THERE CAME SONGS OF COURTSHIP THE AIR HUNG HEAVY AND FRAGRANT WITH THE PERFUME OF THE SEASON'S NEW BLOOM. IT WAS SPRING!
BUT THOUGH NATURE'S SPLENDOR STOOD ALL ABOUT ME, MY HEART FELT ONLY SADNESS WITH EACH PASSING DAY MY FRUSTRATION GREW DEEPER I COULD NOT ACCEPT THAT I WOULD BE SPENDING THE REST OF MY DAYS IN THE LOST LAND DESPITE THE ENTHUSIASM OF MY LOVER, I COULD NOT FIND IT IN MYSELF TO HEED NATURE'S CALL.

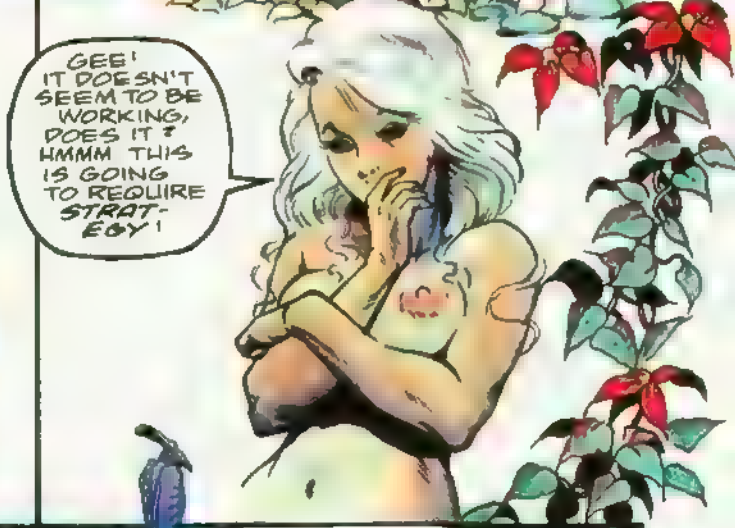
I'M SURE THERE MUST BE SOMETHING ELSE AROUND HERE YOU CAN SATISFY YOUR CARNAL LUSTS WITH BESIDES ME.
WHAT DO CAVE MEN DO WHEN THERE ARE NO GIRLS AROUND?
AND WHAT DO I LOOK LIKE ANYWAY, A RECEPTACLE FOR TAD-POLES?
AWK!?!
WHEN I WAS IN ACTING CLASS, THE TEACHER TOLD ME "DON'T GIVE UP YOUR DAY JOB, HONEY!" I RAN HOME CRYING!
:SOB!:
WHY DID I LISTEN? WHAT DID HE KNOW?
MOMMA WARNED ME ABOUT MEN! MEN WHO ONLY WANT ONE THING FROM A WOMAN!
I'VE HEARD THAT MEN SECRETLY RESENT WOMEN AND THE POWER WE HOLD!
I'M A PERSON! I'M CREATIVE! WHAT ABOUT THE BRAIN?!!
SQUAWK!
THERE'S MORE TO ME THAN A PRETTY FACE AND A NICE BUTT!
I HAVE TALENT! I COULD BE FAMOUS!
I SAW "WHEN HARRY MET SALLY"! THAT SHIKSA MEG RYAN AIN'T SO HOT! I COULD HAVE PLAYED THAT PART JUST AS GOOD AS HER
...BETTER!
HEY!... DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT TRYIN' ANY OF THAT ROUGH STUFF, MISTER! DON'T FORGET I KICKED YOUR BUTT ONCE AND I CAN DO IT AGAIN!
MUMBLE! GRUMBLE!

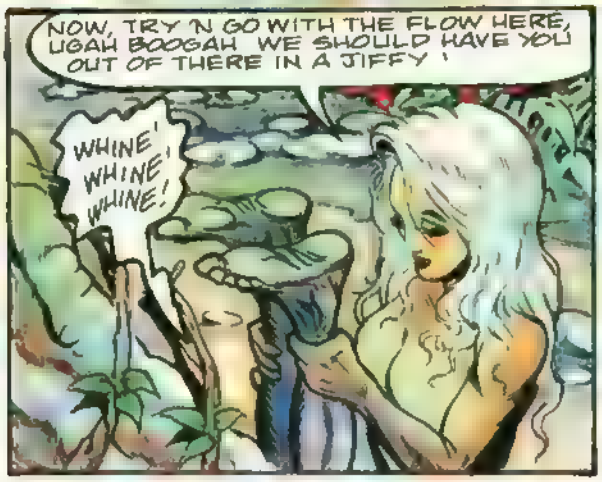

I MEAN...YOU MAY BE KNOWN AS THE THOMAS EDISON OF THE TOMAHAWK AROUND THE CAMPFIRE WITH YOUR DRINKING BUDDIES, UGAH BOOGAH, BUT LET'S FACE IT. UNDERNEATH IT ALL YOU ARE A M-A-N WHO WILL CHASE ANYTHING WITH A HOLE IN IT!
SO... BEFORE THIS COURT PASSES JUDGMENT, DOES THE DEFENDANT HAVE ANYTHING HE WISHES TO SAY ON HIS OWN BEHALF? ANY PLEA FOR MERCY? ANY
YOO BA BA BOOBAH! YOO BA BA BOOBAH!
?!!
YOO BA BA BOOBAH! YOO BA BA BOOBAH!
GASP! OH DEAR!
whine! whimper!
WELL... OF ALL THE... FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD! WHAT HAVE YOU GOTTEN YOURSELF INTO NOW?
WELL, IF WE CAN'T GET IT OUT THEN WE'LL JUST HAVE TO CHOP IT OFF, THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT!
ROWL?!!
HA! HA! JUST KIDDING, DON'T GET NERVOUS! NOW, ON THE COUNT OF THREE, PULL!
ONE.. TWO.

...THREE!
GAK!
YANK!


YELP! YELP! YELP!
GEE, IT'S STUCK IN THERE REAL GOOD, ISN'T IT?

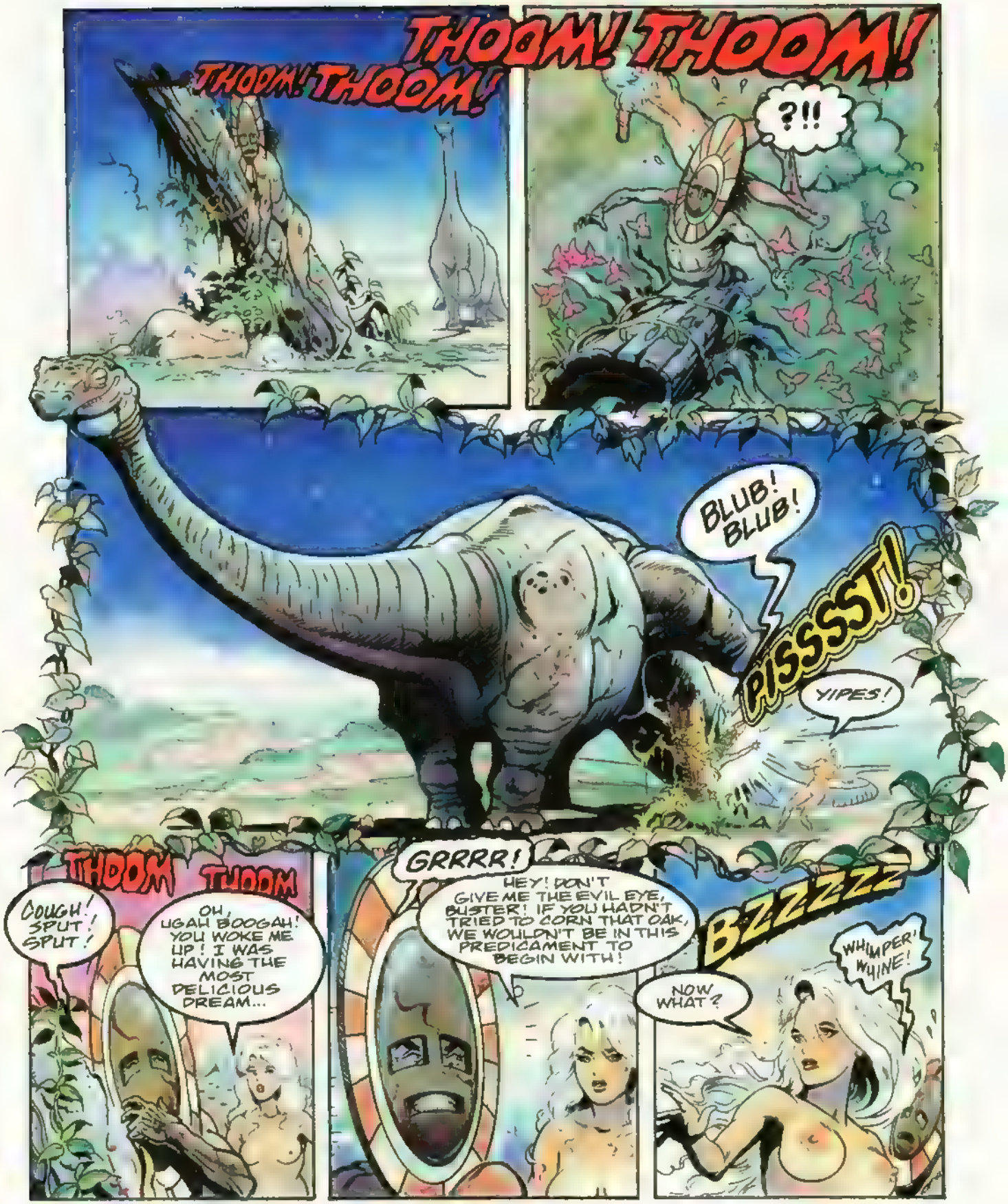
HMMM TRY TO RELAX, HONEY MAYBE THE SWELLING WILL GO DOWN AND IT WILL COME OUT BY ITSELF
WHIMPER! WHIMPER!


GEE! IT DOESN'T SEEM TO BE WORKING, DOES IT? HMMM THIS IS GOING TO REQUIRE STRATEGY!


NOW, TRY 'N GO WITH THE FLOW HERE, UGAH BOOGAH WE SHOULD HAVE YOU OUT OF THERE IN A JIFFY!
WHINE! WHINE! WHINE!

COUPLA' TURNS TO TH' RIGHT AND UMPH! WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO UNSCREW YOU, UGAH BOOGAH!
IY!
YIE!
YEI!
YEI!
YEI!

SHREEK! SHREEK! SHREEK!
AW, QUIT YOUR SQUAWKIN' YA BIG BABY! WE'LL NEVER GET YOU OUT OF THERE IF WE DON'T TRY!
LATER.
UMPH! UMPH! UMPH! PULL, UGAH BOOGAH!
YOO BA BA BOOBAH! YOO BA BA BOOBAH!
PUFF! PUFF! GIVE IT A REST, UGAH BOOGAH! THIS IS HARD WORK! I'M BUSHED. CAN'T PULL NO MORE. JUST LET ME REST A WHILE!
PANT! PANT!
I'LL JUST SIT HERE AND REST MY EYES. WE'LL TRY AGAIN IN A LITTLE WHILE. NEED TO REGAIN MY STRENGTH AND MUSS.
ZZZ...
ZZZ...
ZZZ...
UH?!!
!!
ZZZ...


THOOM! THOOM!
THOOM! THOOM!
?!!
BLUB! BLUB!
PISSSST!
YIPES!
THOOM THOOM
COUGH! SPUT! SPUT!
OH, UGAH BOOGAH! YOU WOKE ME UP! I WAS HAVING THE MOST DELICIOUS DREAM...
GRRRR!
HEY! DON'T GIVE ME THE EVIL EYE, BUSTER! IF YOU HADN'T TRIED TO CORN THAT OAK, WE WOULDN'T BE IN THIS PREDICAMENT TO BEGIN WITH!
BZZZZZZ
NOW WHAT?
WHIMPER! WHINE!

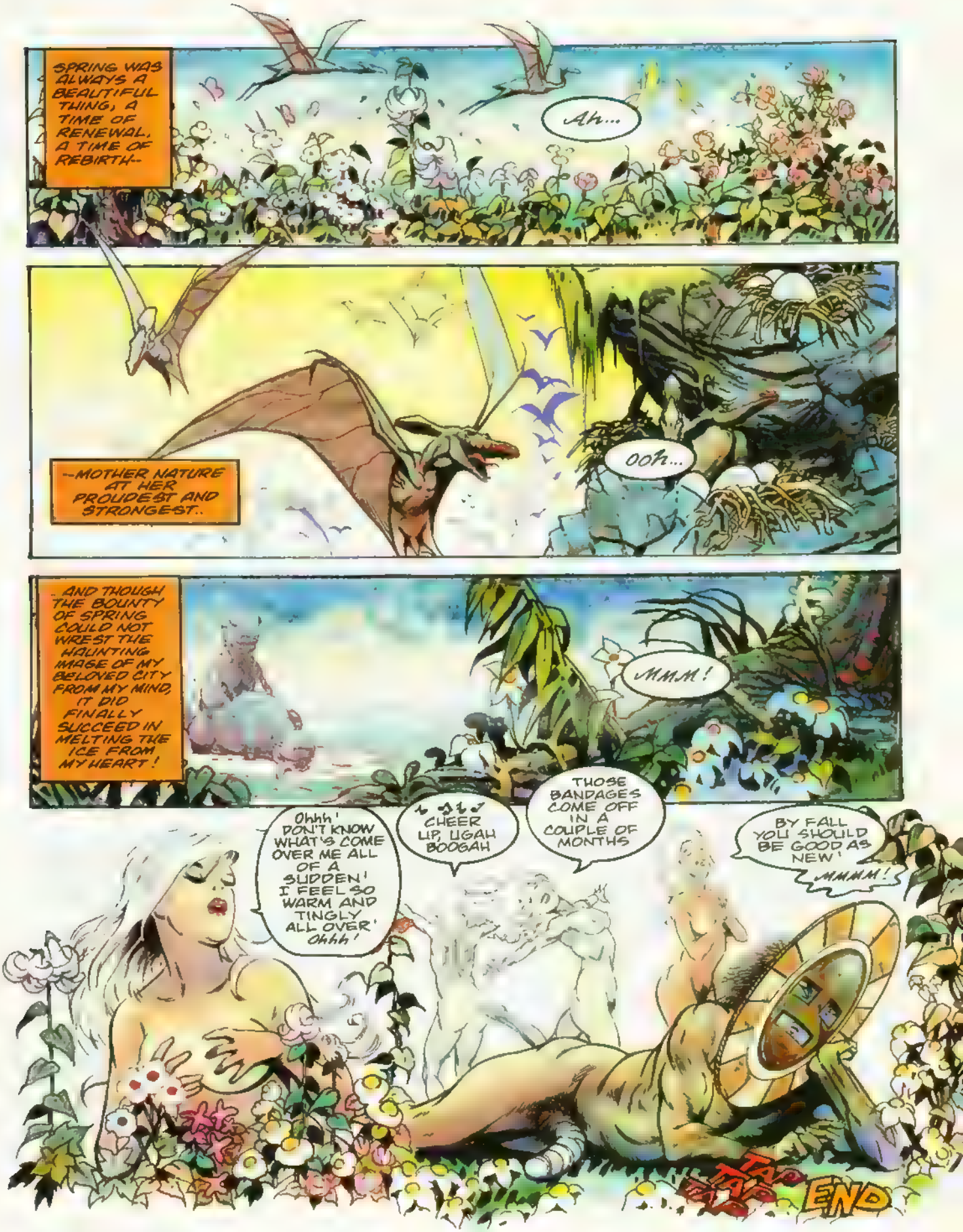
YIPES! DINO-BEES! I'M OUTTA HERE, JACK!
BZZZZZZZ
YOO BA BA BOOBAH! YOO BA BA BOOBAH! YOO BA BA BOOBAH!

BZZZZZZ
HOWL! YELP! SHREEK!
OH DEAR! POOR UGAH BOOGAH!

MY! DOESN'T THAT CLOUD LOOK ANGRY!
HOWL!

YIPES! BETTER WATCH OUT, UGAH BOOGAH! YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT LIGHTNING AND.
CRACK!

...TREES!
AIEEEEE!
CRACK!


SPRING WAS ALWAYS A BEAUTIFUL THING, A TIME OF RENEWAL, A TIME OF REBIRTH--
Ah...
--MOTHER NATURE AT HER PROUDEST AND STRONGEST..
ooh...
..AND THOUGH THE BOUNTY OF SPRING COULD NOT WREST THE HAUNTING IMAGE OF MY BELOVED CITY FROM MY MIND, IT DID FINALLY SUCCEED IN MELTING THE ICE FROM MY HEART!
MMM!
Ohhh! DON'T KNOW WHAT'S COME OVER ME ALL OF A SUDDEN! I FEEL SO WARM AND TINGLY ALL OVER! Ohhh!
CHEER UP, UGAH BOOGAH
THOSE BANDAGES COME OFF IN A COUPLE OF MONTHS
BY FALL YOU SHOULD BE GOOD AS NEW!
MMMM!
TAP TAP
END

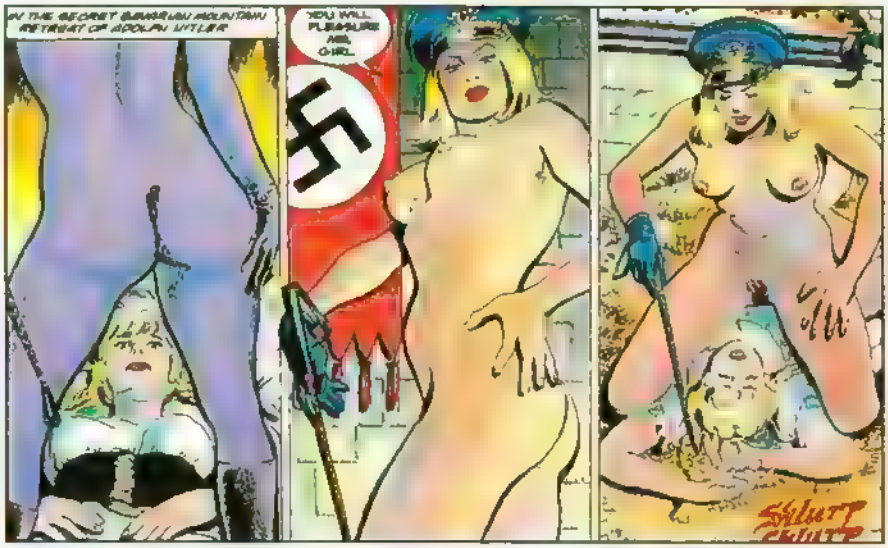
BANNED IN CANADA!



(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2)

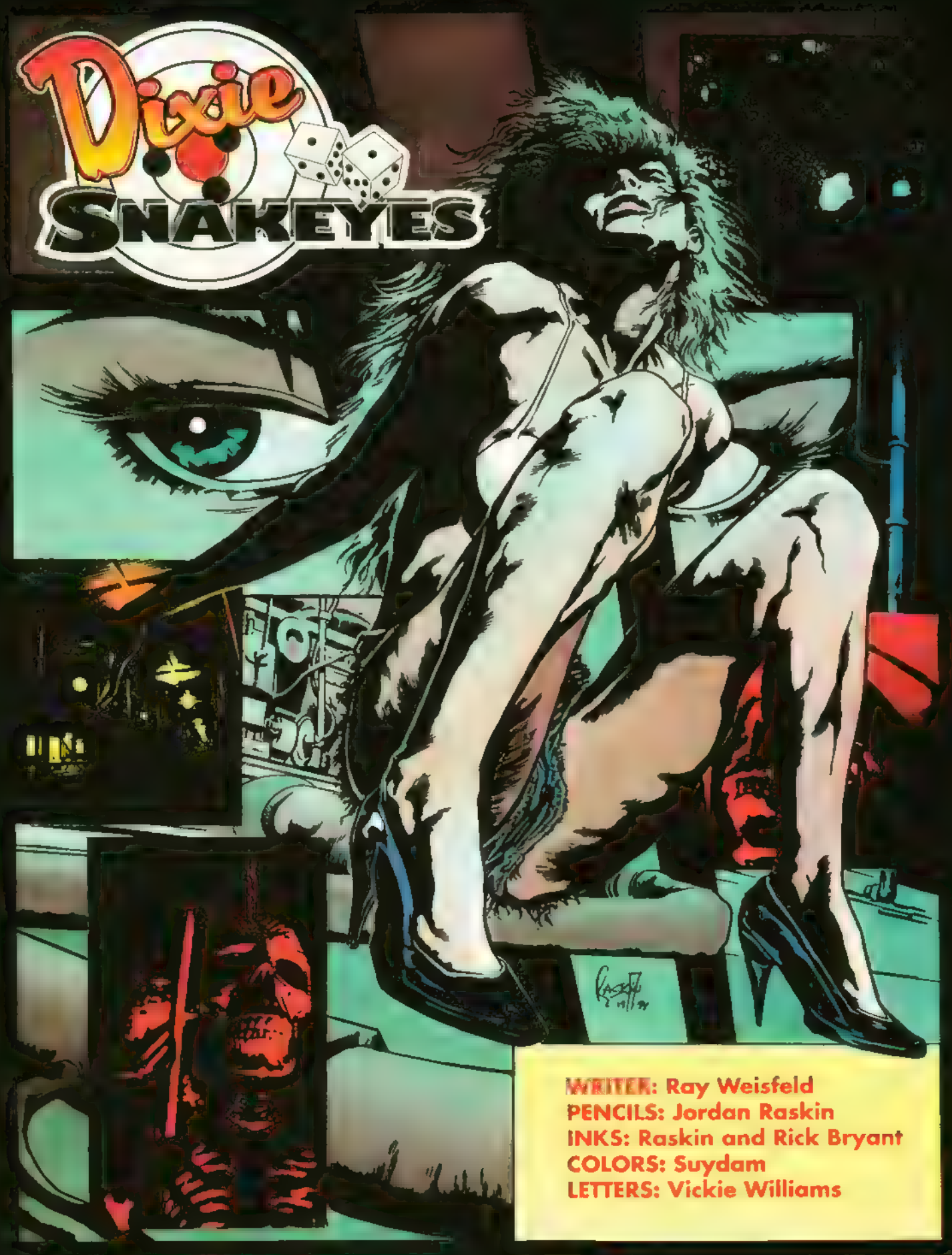
**NO, I'M AFRAID I DON'T UNDERSTAND...**

**...why Canadian censors even discussed this panel! Both women are fully clothed! What's next from the Maple-Leaf Thought Police? Banning *The Perils of Pauline*?**




***ACHTUNG!* NAME ANOTHER GOVERNMENT THAT USED CENSORSHIP!**

**I guess Canadian censors never use toys in the bedroom! This one was banned because Agent D is holding (not *using*, just *holding*) a riding crop!**

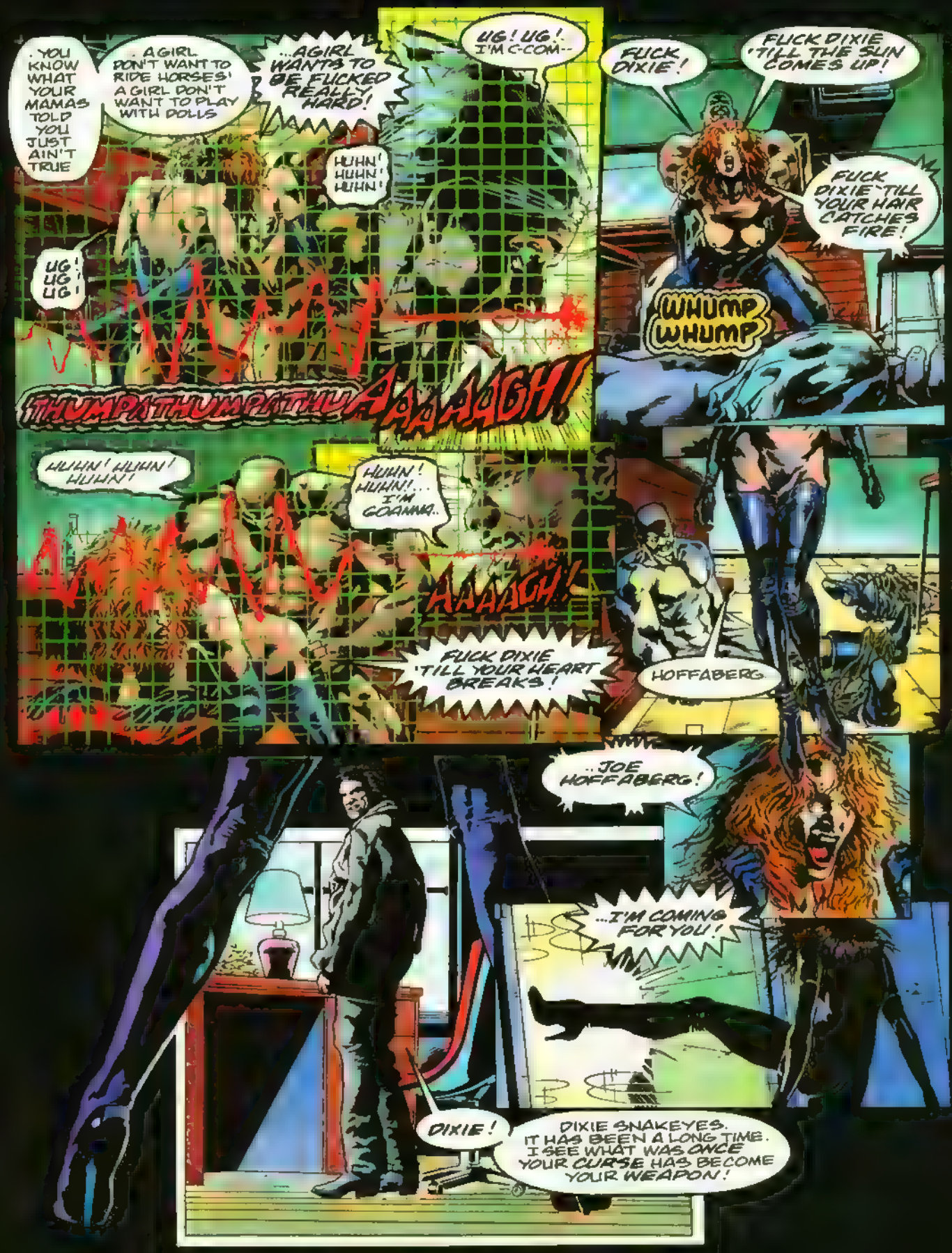


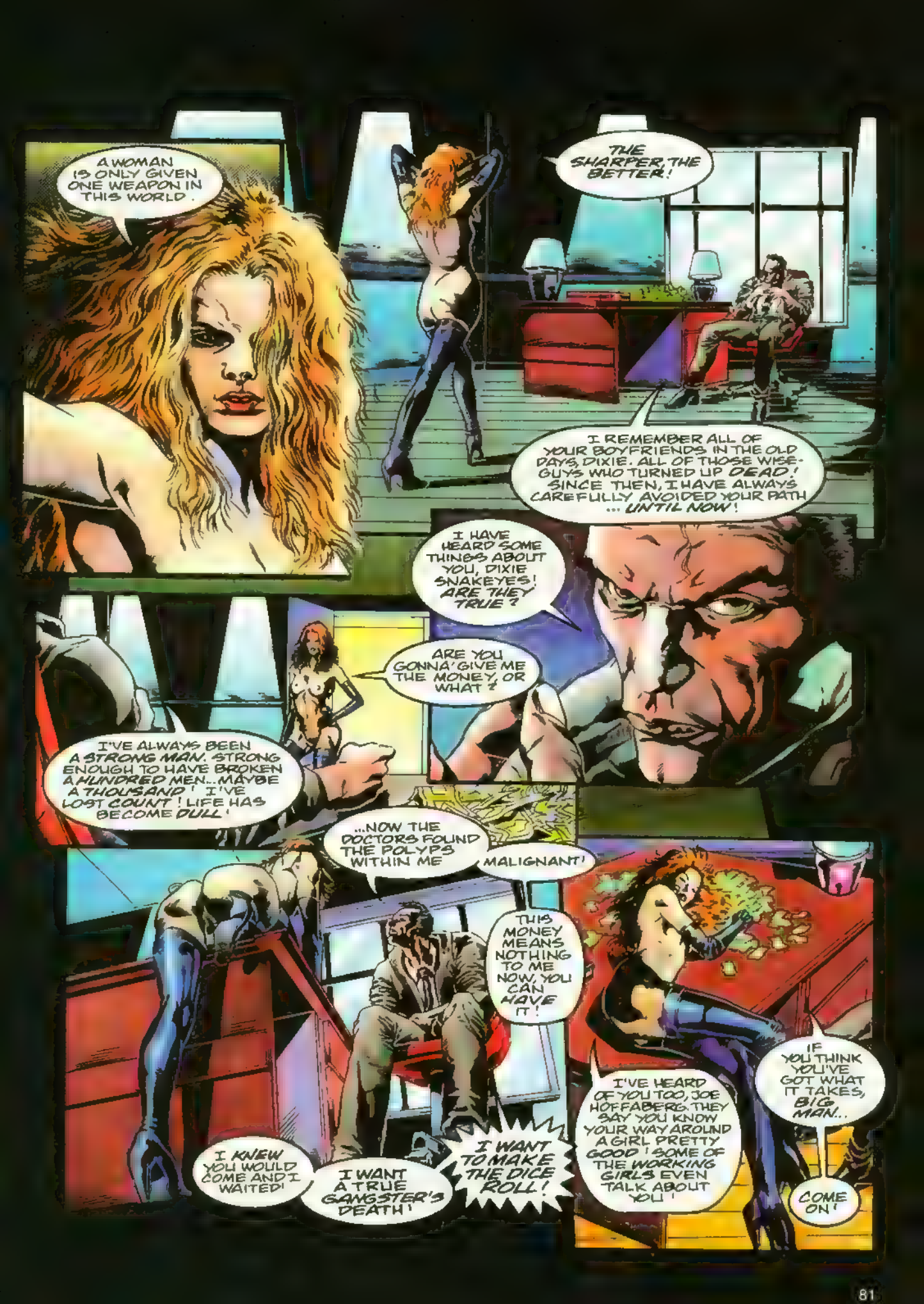

WRITER: Ray Weisfeld
PENCILS: Jordan Raskin
INKS: Raskin and Rick Bryant
COLORS: Suydam
LETTERS: Vickie Williams

A COP'S LIFE IS A HARD LIFE
YOU'RE TELLIN' ME THEY WEREN'T SHOT AND THEY WEREN'T STABBED..
SO WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO THEM?
POLICE
THE HOURS ARE LONG AND THE PAY IS LOW.
THEY WERE FUCKED TO DEATH, CAPTAIN SHUANESSY! THEN PICKED CLEAN O' THEIR CASH!
LORDY! JUST THE WAY WE FOUND BIG VIC BERTINI IN AUGUST AND THE LISORDA BROTHERS LAST MONTH! THIS IS BECOMIN' A BLOODY EPIDEMIC!
LADS, WE GOTTA' FORGET THE BREW AND THE SKIRTS UNTIL WE WRAP THIS ONE UP!
WHOEVER DID THESE GHASTLY DEEDS IS WORKIN' THEIR WAY RIGHT TO BOSS HOFFABERG AND ALL THAT DOUGH HE'S HIDIN' OUT WITH FROM THE ARMORED CAR JOB LAST MONTH.
WHAT'S THE WORRY, SIR? WE ALWAYS GET OUR MAN!
LADS, I'M GONNA' TELL IT TO YOU STRAIGHT LIKE I ALWAYS DO INTERNAL AFFAIRS HAS BEEN SNIFFING AROUND. THEY THINK ONE O' YOU BOYS HELD BACK SOME OF THAT CASH FROM THAT KIDNAPPING CASE.
WHAT!
SAINTS PRESERVE US! YOU HEAR THIS, DUGAN?
I HEAR!
ANY COP WHO WOULD DO A THING LIKE THAT SHOULD BE HUNG!
DUGAN! YOU GOT ANY LEADS FROM THOSE STOOLIES OF YOURS?
I'VE LOCATED HOFFABERG'S DRIVER.
I EXPECT HE'S GONNA LEAD ME TO THE OTHERS TONIGHT. IF HE DOES, I'LL RADIO THE SQUAD FOR BACKUP
BE EXTRA CAREFUL, DUGAN. THE KILLER IS STILL OUT THERE AND MEANS BUSINESS!
YES, SIR
DUGAN WAS THE BEST. HE FELT HE WAS ENTITLED TO A FEW FRINGE BENEFITS.

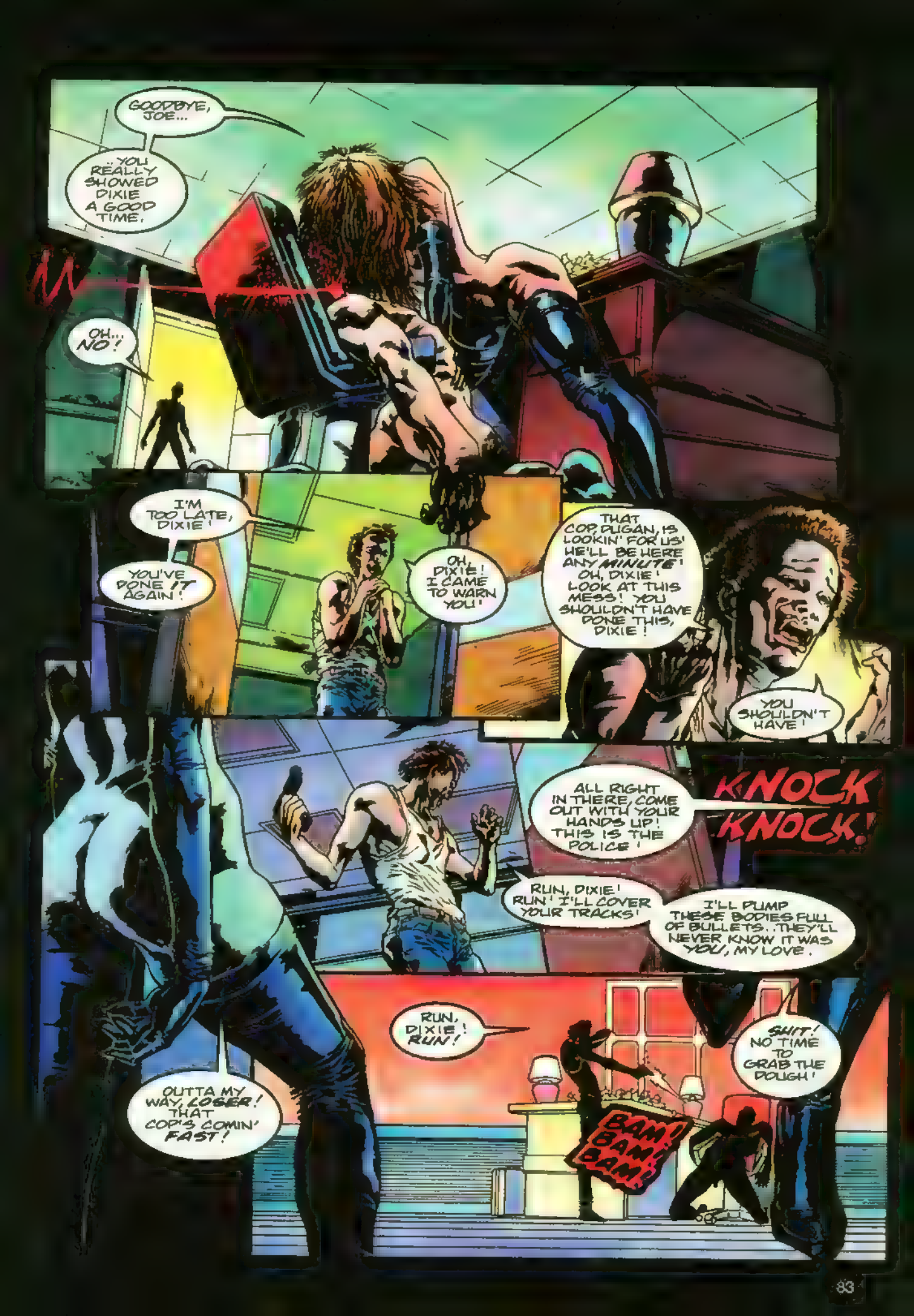
DIXIE! DIXIE! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN!? I LOOKED ALL OVER FOR YOU! YOU'VE BEEN UPTOWN HAVEN'T YOU? I HEARD IT ALL ON THE RADIO! YOU DID IT AGAIN, DIDN'T YOU!?
I CAME HOME AND YOU WERE GONE. I WAS WORRIED SICK. WHY DO YOU DO THIS TO ME? WHY? WHY? WHY?
HAVEN'T I BOUGHT YOU FOOD, CLOTHES, PAID THE RENT, WRITTEN YOU BEAUTIFUL POEMS?! WHY CAN'T I HAVE YOU, DIXIE, JUST ONCE?
YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT ME, LOSER! YOU WANT TO DIE THAT BAD?
BUT, I'D BE WILLING TO DIE FOR IT! AT LEAST I'D DIE HAPPY... IN LOVE!
I HAVE NO TIME FOR LOVE, LOSER. ALL I WANT IS COLD, HARD CASH!
NOW TELL ME, WHERE IS THE MAN YOU DROVE FOR? WHERE IS JOE HOFFA-BERG?
11th STREET. 220 EAST 11th! HOW CAN YOU BE SO CRUEL?
YEAH, I KNOW WHERE THAT IS...
YOU NEVER LET ME TOUCH YOU! YOU NEVER GIVE ME A CHANCE!
THAT'S RIGHT, LOSER, NOT ONE TOUCH! NOT ONE KISS!
:SOB!: PLEASE, DIXIE! DON'T LEAVE ME AGAIN! WE COULD BE SOOOOO.. GOOD TOGETHER
LOSER, YOU'RE BEGINNING TO BUG ME! NO MAN HAS EVER BE ABLE TO SATISFY ME! WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU CAN? AND BESIDES
DIXIE WOULD NEVER, EVER FUCK A MAN...
.. WHO WEARS WHITE SOCKS!
SLAM!

YO! YO! YO! BITCH!
WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU?
THEY CALL ME DIXIE. I'M HEAR TO SEE JOE HOFFABERG!
WE IS THE DIABLO BROTHERS, CUNT! AND NOBODY SEES MR HOFFABERG WITHOUT GOING THROUGH US!
YO! YO! YO! SHIT, BRO! CHECK OUT THAT HIVE!
YOU WANT IT? COME AND GET IT. IF YOU'RE MAN ENOUGH!
"MAN ENOUGH"? SHIT! I'LL SHOW YOU WHO'S MAN ENOUGH!
YO! YO! YO! SCOPE THOSE MAMA JAMAS!
YOU'RE BIG TOUGH GUYS C'MON!
..GO FOR IT!
YO, BRO! THE BOSS'S DOOR IS CLOSED!
HE WOULD NEVER HEAR! HE WOULD NEVER KNOW!
SNIKT!
YOU BOYS KNOW WHAT A GIRL REALLY WANTS...
FUCKIN' BITCH! YOU'RE GOANNA GET IT NOW!
YO! YO! YO! I'M DOWN WIF' DAT!
SWEET SUGAR!
SWEETER THAN THE HONEY BEE!
THUMPA! THUMPA!
THUMPA! THUMPA!


...YOU KNOW WHAT YOUR MAMAS TOLD YOU JUST AIN'T TRUE
...A GIRL DON'T WANT TO RIDE HORSES! A GIRL DON'T WANT TO PLAY WITH DOLLS
...A GIRL WANTS TO BE FUCKED REALLY HARD!
UG! UG! I'M C-COM--
HUHN! HUHN! HUHN!
UG! UG! UG!
THUMPATHUMPATHUAAAAAGH!
HUHN! HUHN! HUHN!
HUHN! HUHN!... I'M GOANNA..
AAAAGH!
FUCK DIXIE 'TILL YOUR HEART BREAKS!
FUCK DIXIE!
FUCK DIXIE 'TILL THE SUN COMES UP!
FUCK DIXIE 'TILL YOUR HAIR CATCHES FIRE!
WHUMP WHUMP
HOFFABERG
...JOE HOFFABERG!
...I'M COMING FOR YOU!
DIXIE!
DIXIE SNAKEYES. IT HAS BEEN A LONG TIME. I SEE WHAT WAS ONCE YOUR CURSE HAS BECOME YOUR WEAPON!


A WOMAN IS ONLY GIVEN ONE WEAPON IN THIS WORLD.
THE SHARPER, THE BETTER!
I REMEMBER ALL OF YOUR BOYFRIENDS IN THE OLD DAYS, DIXIE. ALL OF THOSE WISE-GUYS WHO TURNED UP DEAD! SINCE THEN, I HAVE ALWAYS CAREFULLY AVOIDED YOUR PATH ... UNTIL NOW!
I HAVE HEARD SOME THINGS ABOUT YOU, DIXIE SNAKEYES! ARE THEY TRUE?
ARE YOU GONNA GIVE ME THE MONEY, OR WHAT?
I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A STRONG MAN. STRONG ENOUGH TO HAVE BROKEN A HUNDRED MEN... MAYBE A THOUSAND! I'VE LOST COUNT! LIFE HAS BECOME DULL!
...NOW THE DOCTORS FOUND THE POLYPS WITHIN ME
MALIGNANT!
THIS MONEY MEANS NOTHING TO ME NOW, YOU CAN HAVE IT!
I'VE HEARD OF YOU TOO, JOE HOFFABERG. THEY SAY YOU KNOW YOUR WAY AROUND A GIRL PRETTY GOOD! SOME OF THE WORKING GIRLS EVEN TALK ABOUT YOU!
IF YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES, BIG MAN...
COME ON!
I KNEW YOU WOULD COME AND I WAITED!
I WANT A TRUE GANGSTER'S DEATH!
I WANT TO MAKE THE DICE ROLL!

THAT'S IT, LITTLE GIRL! JUST LIKE THAT!
OH, YES! FUCK, BIG MAN, FUCK!
THUMPA THUMPA
THAT'S RIGHT! GET THAT UP THERE FOR ME!
UH! DEAL WITH THAT THING YOU BAD LITTLE BRAT!
YOU BRAT! DEAL WITH IT HARD!
FUCK, DIXIE! FUCK DIXIE 'TILL YOUR HEART--
THUMPA! THUMPA!
ARRGH! --SNAKE-EYES!

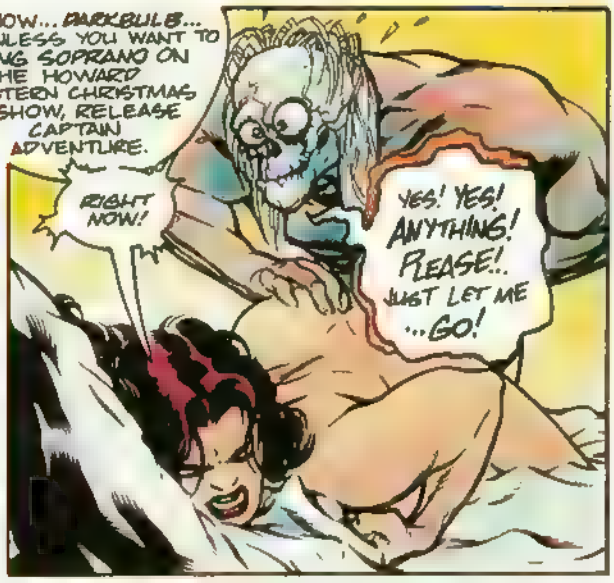

GOODBYE, JOE...
..YOU REALLY SHOWED DIXIE A GOOD TIME.
OH... NO!
I'M TOO LATE, DIXIE!
YOU'VE DONE IT AGAIN!
OH, DIXIE! I CAME TO WARN YOU!
THAT COP, DUGAN, IS LOOKIN' FOR US! HE'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE! OH, DIXIE! LOOK AT THIS MESS! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THIS, DIXIE!
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE!
ALL RIGHT IN THERE, COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP! THIS IS THE POLICE!
KNOCK KNOCK!
RUN, DIXIE! RUN! I'LL COVER YOUR TRACKS!
I'LL PUMP THESE BODIES FULL OF BULLETS..THEY'LL NEVER KNOW IT WAS YOU, MY LOVE.
RUN, DIXIE! RUN!
SHIT! NO TIME TO GRAB THE DOUGH!
BAM! BAM! BAM!
OUTTA MY WAY, LOSER! THAT COP'S COMIN' FAST!

SHORTLY...
I APPREHENDED THIS PUNK, CAPTAIN! LOOKS LIKE HE WENT WILD AND SHOT THE OTHERS TO PIECES!
THAT'S RIGHT, I DID IT! I DID IT ALL!
DID'YA FIND THE CASH, DUGAN?
NO, SIR!
SAINTS PRESERVE US!
LATER...
POLICE
DUGAN! YOU FIND ANY OF THAT LOOT FROM THE ARMORED CAR JOB?
..NOT A SIGN, JOHNNY-LAD ..NOT A SIGN!
IT WAS ONLY ME! GIVE ME THE CHAIR!
SLAM!
SNAP!
DUGAN LISTENED TO THE SOUND OF THE PADDY WAGON FADE INTO THE DISTANCE. THE EVENING WIND FELT GOOD IN HIS HAIR. IT WAS ALL HIS AT LAST. THEN HE HEARD SOFT FOOTSTEPS COMING UP FROM BEHIND.
HEY, BABY! GOIN' OUT TONIGHT?
I MIGHT BE...
..AN' WHAT MIGHT YOU BE HAVIN' IN MIND, LOVE?
SHE WAS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN HE'D EVER SEEN!
POLICE
THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE!
HEY, YOU DON'T WEAR WHITE SOCKS, DO YOU?
The End

BANNED IN CANADA!

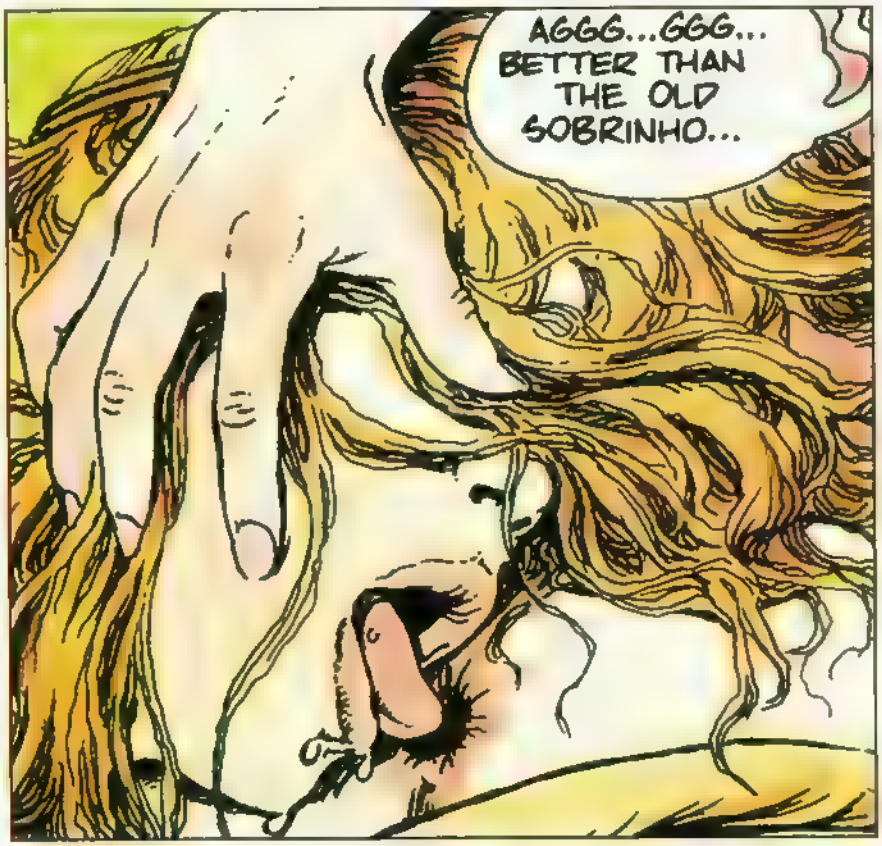


(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64)




**WHAM! BAM! THANK YOU, MA'AM!**

Four out of five Canadian Censors surveyed prefer sugarless sex when they have sex. Once again, we get tagged for the violence rap (I guess it's six strokes of the cane for me!)




**NO KIDDING...**

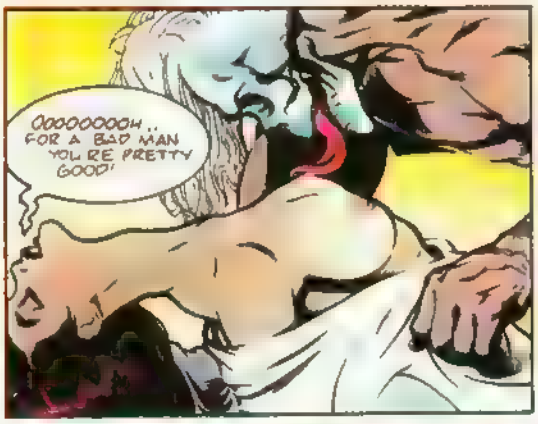
Canadian Censors bans this as "Anal Penetration". Look closely, is there any penetration here?

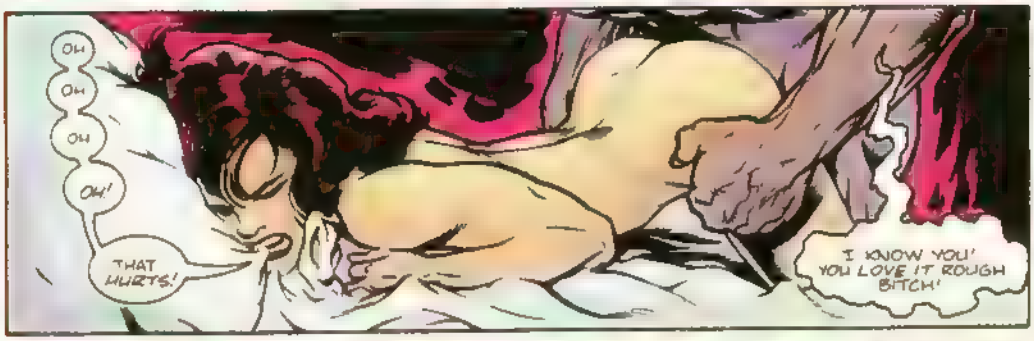
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 88)

BANNED IN CANADA!

# ONE MAN'S OPINION

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86)



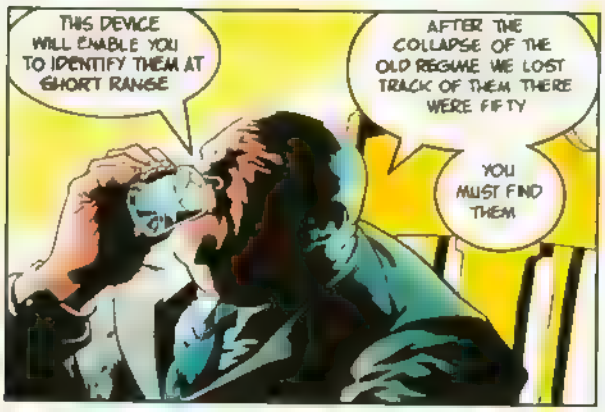


**THIS IS VIOLENCE AGAINST *WOMEN?***

Official Canadian government documents sure say so! I guess Canadian Censors have never had a good and hard, really satisfying screw. If they did, they'd know that this is perfectly normal human behavior! (This is all I have time for this month, freedom lovers. Stick around, though, there's more to come in future issues!)—*GKC*

# SCION

## EPISODE 3: *THE PLAN*




**Russia, 1994.** The former KGB mastermind known only as the Commissar reveals the darkest secret of the Cold War: KGB Special Section 13, code name for the Scion Program. It's goal was to create an army of genetically altered supermen. With the fall of the Soviet Union, the Fifty Scion, most of whom are unaware of their heritage, are to be destroyed to prevent their discovery by the West.

Two of the Scion are Andra, a former prostitute who now possesses vastly powerful and nearly uncontrollable telekinetic powers, and Petra, a shape-shifter able to duplicate the mind and form of any human. They met in Minsk, when Petra saved the younger woman from one of the Commissar's Hunters. They made love, awakening Andra's powers for the first time. Together, they escaped Minsk and headed into the wilds of Belarus.

Using her shape-shifting powers to assume the form of various people from her past, including a Scion known as Rasputin, Petra tells Andra how during the 1960s, schoolchildren in the U.S.S.R. were tested for ESP potential, selectively cross-bred, and their offspring genetically enhanced to possess superhuman powers. Sex between two Scion is the trigger that manifests their powers.

But, as Petra points out, when they reach the hidden bunker Petra uses as her hide out, it is also a way of keeping and enhancing their abilities. The two women, exhausted from their harrowing escape, find their only solace in each other's passionate embrace—unaware that at that moment, they are being watched.

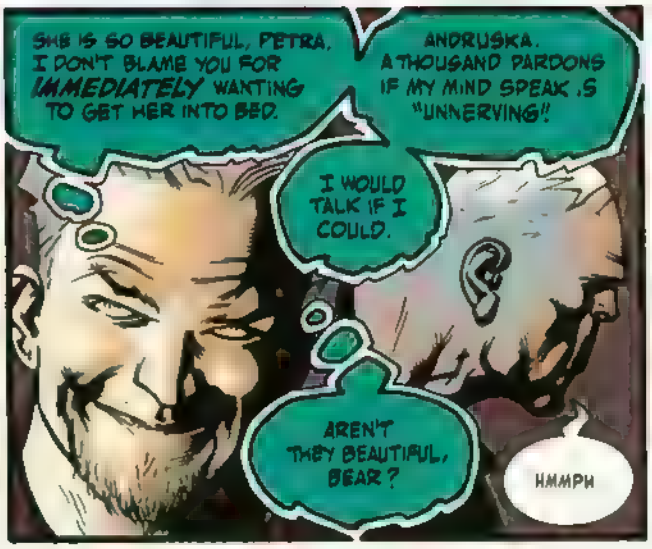
**STORY: Caragonne & Thornton PENCILS/LETTERING/COLORS: Kevin Nowlan**
**INK: Kevin Nowlan and John Nyberg**

PETRA! YOU ARE EXACTLY AS I REMEMBER YOU. NAKED UPON A RUG. HOW CONVENIENT.

. . AND WHO IS THIS? LITTLE ANDRA! LOOK HOW YOU'VE GROWN UP.

LOOK BEAR... FOOD, AND DRINK.

COMRADES! IT IS GOOD TO BE HOME.



I FOLLOWED THE TRAIL OF SMOKE AND DESTRUCTION.
I KNEW I WOULD FIND YOU THERE.

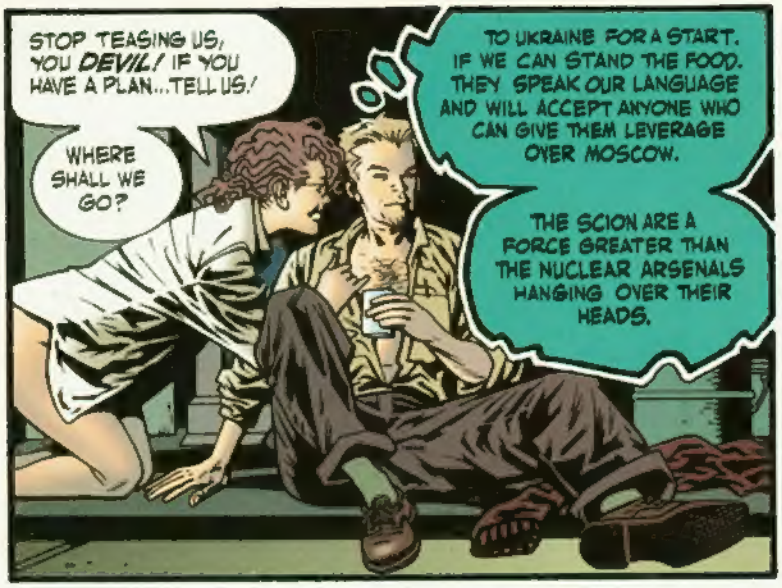
CAN I GET YOU ANYTHING? WE HAVE VODKA AND--
YOU NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT BEAR. HE *TAKES* WHAT HE WANTS.

THE ELUSIVE PETRA. THE BIRD THAT ALWAYS RETURNS TO HER NEST. ARE YOU SURE IT'S SAFE HERE? HAVE YOU TOLD *ANYONE* OF THIS PLACE?
ONLY YOU.

DID THEY COME AFTER YOU?
HOW MANY?
WHAT HAPPENED?

WE CANNOT STAY HERE. WE MUST FIND A WAY TO LEAVE BELARUS.
OF COURSE.
SHOULD I TELL YOU *MY* PLAN? OR WILL YOU TELL ME *YOURS?*

WHERE CAN WE GO? WHO WILL ACCEPT US WITH THE DANGER THAT WE WILL BRING?
OUR POWERS MAKE US A *THREAT.*
OUR POWERS MAKE US A *PRIZE!*


STOP TEASING US, YOU DEVIL! IF YOU HAVE A PLAN...TELL US!
WHERE SHALL WE GO?
TO UKRAINE FOR A START. IF WE CAN STAND THE FOOD. THEY SPEAK OUR LANGUAGE AND WILL ACCEPT ANYONE WHO CAN GIVE THEM LEVERAGE OVER MOSCOW.
THE SCION ARE A FORCE GREATER THAN THE NUCLEAR ARSENALS HANGING OVER THEIR HEADS.

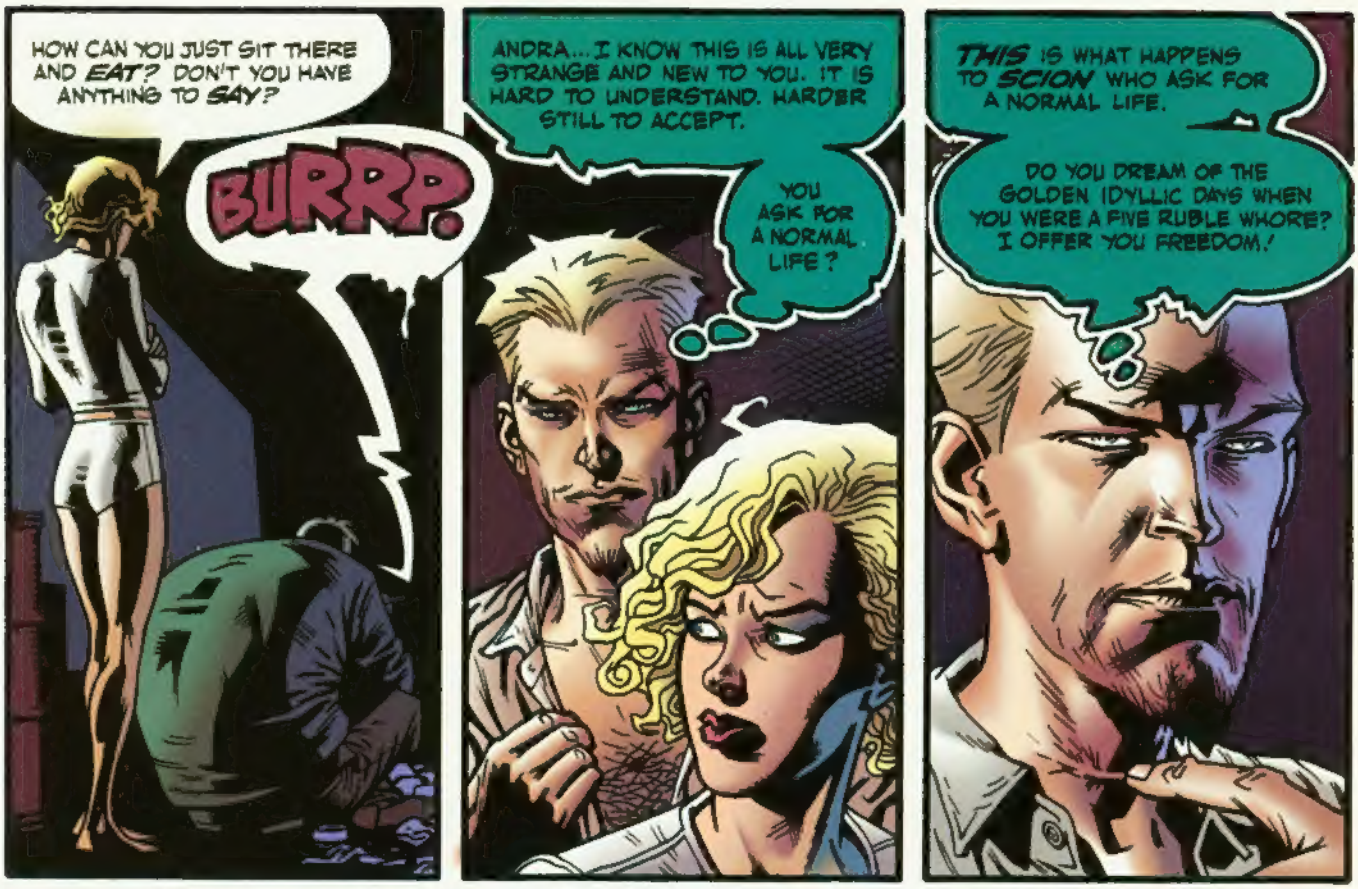
HOW WILL WE GET THERE? WALK?
ANDRA! SHAME ON YOU FOR HAVING SO LITTLE FAITH.
RASPUTIN WILL FIND A WAY. HE ALWAYS DOES.

GIVE HIM A SCRAP OF PAPER AND HE WILL FOLD IT INTO AN AIRPLANE THAT WILL FLY US THERE.
NOW, COME. LET US AT LEAST CONSUMATE OUR REUNION BEFORE WE PLAN OUR ESCAPE.
PETRA... I....

THE THOUGHT OF THE TWO OF US SHARING A MAN IS NOT PLEASING TO YOU?
WITH MY SHAPESHIFTING POWER IT IS A SIMPLE MATTER TO REVERSE THE EQUATION.

MY SHY LITTLE ANDRA. YOU DON'T KNOW THE PLEASURES YOU ARE MISSING.
PATIENCE, PETRA, EVEN THE STRONGEST BIRD MUST TEST ITS WINGS SLOWLY.

SHE IS ONE OF US.
WHERE ELSE CAN SHE GO?
I AM THE SHEPHERD WHO WILL GATHER ALL THE LOST CHILDREN OF SCION.
ENOUGH TALK, "SHEPHERD"...


HOW CAN YOU JUST SIT THERE AND EAT? DON'T YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY?
BURRP.
ANDRA... I KNOW THIS IS ALL VERY STRANGE AND NEW TO YOU. IT IS HARD TO UNDERSTAND. HARDER STILL TO ACCEPT.
YOU ASK FOR A NORMAL LIFE?
THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS TO SCION WHO ASK FOR A NORMAL LIFE.
DO YOU DREAM OF THE GOLDEN IDYLLIC DAYS WHEN YOU WERE A FIVE RUBLE WHORE? I OFFER YOU FREEDOM!

BUT FREEDOM HAS ITS PRICE. WE ARE SCION. WE WERE CREATED AND CONDEMNED FROM BIRTH TO BE EITHER THE HUNTER OR THE HUNTED. TO KILL OR BE KILLED. WE ARE THE FIRST TRIBE OF CRO-MAGNON IN A WORLD OF NEANDERTHALS. WE HAVE ONLY ONE MORALITY. SURVIVAL. BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY.
STOP IT! GET OUT OF MY BRAIN, YOU MONSTER! PETRA TOLD ME THAT YOU HAVE THE POWER TO TWIST MINDS INTO OBEYING YOU!
KNOW THIS, PRINCE OF LIARS! YOU HAVE NO POWER OVER ME!

ANDRA, STOP THIS!
YOU'RE ACTING LIKE A CHILD!
I AM NOT! BUT I'M SICK AND TIRED OF ALL YOU TREATING ME LIKE ONE!
FORCING ME TO RUN WITH YOU! PLEASURE YOU! KILL FOR YOU!
YOU CALL ME A MONSTER FOR HAVING THE POWER TO MAKE PEOPLE LISTEN TO REASON!
WHAT DOES THAT MAKE YOU? YOU WHO MAKE THE ATOMS DANCE TO SUIT YOUR WILL? WHY WON'T YOU UNDERSTAND, GIRL? WE ARE ALL THE SAME!
FREAKS! CREATED BY MONSTERS!
YOU MAKE ME SAD.
IF YOU WISH TO COMMIT SUICIDE BY FIGHTING THE WORLD ALONE, SO BE IT! BUT I WILL NOT ALLOW YOU TO DESTROY US WITH YOUR HYSTERICS.
BEAR... ENEMY!
RRRRAWWLL!

YOU WILL NOT ALLOW?
DO YOU THINK YOU CAN STOP ME?
WONK!

BLOOD OF THE CZARS! DO YOU SEE, BEAR? SHE IS MAGNIFICENT! STRONGER THAN I'D DARED HOPE!

KRUNGSH!

WHO HAS EVER STOOD BEFORE YOU THIS LONG, MY FRIEND?
AH... I SEE THAT SHE HAS POWER BUT PRECIOUS LITTLE ENDURANCE.
NO MATTER. THAT WILL COME IN TIME. AND FOR NOW IT MAKES HER EASIER TO CONTROL.
NO, BEAR!
NOT YET!
YOU WILL HAVE HER.
BUT IN MY DUE TIME.
KAWHOOM
WHAT TH...?
THAT WAS AN EXPLOSIVE!
SOMEONE IS TRYING TO GET IN!
SOMEONE, PETRA? YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I... WHO ELSE COULD IT BE?
AND NOW...
IT IS TIME FOR ALL THE BAD LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME HOME WITH THEIR POPPY.
NEXT: THE COMMISSAR